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## LOVE AND LABOUR.

We die not all : for our deeds remain  
To crown with honour, or mar with stain ;  
Through endless sequence of years to come  
Our lives shall speak, when our lips are dumb.

What though we perish, unknown to fame,  
Our tomb forgotten, and lost our name,  
Since naught is wasted in heaven or earth,  
And nothing dies to which God gives birth.

Though life be joyless, and death be cold,  
And pleasures pall as the world grows old,  
Yet God has granted our hearts relief,  
For Love and Labour can conquer grief.

Love sheds a light on the gloomy way,  
And Labour hurries the weary day :  
Though death be fearful, and life be hard,  
Yet Love and Labour shall win reward.

If Love can dry up a single tear,  
If lifelong Labour avail to clear  
A single web from before the true,  
Then Love and Labour have won their due.

What though we mourn, we can comfort pain ;  
What if we die, so the truth be plain :  
A little spark from a high desire  
Shall kindle others, and grow a fire.

We are not worthy to work the whole ;  
We have no strength which may save a soul ;  
Enough for us if our life begin  
Successful struggle with grief and sin.

Labour is mortal, and fades away,  
But Love shall triumph in perfect day ;  
Labour may wither beneath the sod,  
But Love lives ever, for Love is God.

Chambers' Journal.

## A BENEDICTION.

He held her hand one minute in his own ;  
Murmured, through parted lips, " God help  
you, Sweet ;"  
Left her alone ; and in his vacant place  
The twilight stole with soft and noiseless  
feet.

He passed away through dewy garden paths,  
Flooded with waves of moonlight, weird  
and white ;  
And mystic scent of leaf-veiled lilac bloom,  
Wafting its incense to the soul of night.

Between the setting and the rising sun,  
Adrift her spirit wandered, till the day  
Woke the new story of a life begun  
Out of the grave of one that slipped away.

A twilight life, of gentle thought and deed,  
Of selfless purpose, and reliant prayer ;  
A spirit moving in the misty light  
Of springtide perfume on the evening air.

Standing alone, her life was doubly blest,  
By this dead love, and love of sorrow born ;  
Till tender Death sang all her soul to rest,  
And merged spring twilight in the summer  
morn.

Sunday Magazine.

C. BROOKE.

## THE TUMMEL AND THE DUCK.

PAST runs the sunlit Tummel, strong from his  
wilds above,  
Blue as the deepest cobalt, shot like the neck  
of a dove, —  
He is fresh from the Moor of Rannoch, he  
has drained Loch Erich dread,  
And imaged in Carie's waters Ben y Houlach's  
stately head.  
He has mourned by the graves of the Struans  
hid in the night of the wood,  
And laughed past the pleasant slope where  
our old Dunalister stood,  
Schihallion has heard him chafing down by  
his sunless steep,  
And has watched the child of the mountains  
deep in his Loch asleep.  
He's awake and down by Bonskeid, he has  
leapt his Falls with glee,  
He has married the Garry below, and they  
linger in Faskally ;  
Then off by Moulin of Earn, and down to our  
Duck and me.

Spectator.

ARRAN.

## WORK.

STRONG gales keep the clouds from raining ;  
Work lulls the sad heart's complaining ;  
Through the task and the toil runs the yearn-  
ing ache,  
Yet Duty grows dear for her own grave sake,  
And muscles are stronger for straining.

Each life has some prize for gaining ;  
Each woe has a balm in its paining ;  
So we seek for it long in faith and prayer,  
For the finger of God is everywhere,  
While the days are dawning and waning.

Though the mildew its bloom is staining,  
The rose has some scent remaining ;  
Through the darkest hour, still trust in the  
light ;  
What the hand has to do, let it do with its  
might —  
Strong gales keep the clouds from raining.

Tinsley's Magazine.

From The British Quarterly Review.

THE MYSTICS OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY AND THEIR CONNECTION WITH THE REFORMATION.\*

CHURCH historians who have made the great Reformation of the sixteenth century a special field of investigation have been too apt to ignore that most interesting period of the development of ecclesiastical life and doctrine which is contained in the three preceding centuries, and have overlooked in a great measure the many tendencies in the old Catholic Church which were slowly preparing it for the great outburst of religious feeling which was to rend it asunder. Protestants have very commonly held that there have been two periods of great illumination in the Church of Christ,—the age of the Apostles and of the earlier Fathers of the Church, and the age of the Reformation,—and have been content to pass over the progress of theology and Christian life from the time of Augustine to the revolt of Luther. Whatever does not come within the limits of those two periods has been represented to be either of little practical worth for the student of the history of theology, or valuable only as affording an example of continuous decay. And Roman Catholics, who have always tried to show that the Reformation was the result of unchristian influences at work without the Church, have, as was to be expected, altogether ignored or denied any connection between the old Catholic

Church and that new religious life which set Roman Christendom at defiance.

Nothing has done so much to show how mistaken both parties have been, and how idle is the attempt to treat the Reformation either as a wholly isolated outburst of religious illumination, or as a merely anti-Christian revolt, than the many critical histories of the growth and development of individual doctrines which have appeared within the last twenty years. The historical portions of works such as Dorner's "Doctrine of the Person of Christ," Müller's "Doctrine of Sin," and Ritschl's "Doctrine of Justification and Reconciliation," show us that the mediæval or scholastic period is by no means such a barren one as has been supposed, and the more we study them the more thorough becomes the conviction that no doctrine of Christian theology can be accurately known unless its history and growth during the times of the old Catholic Church be carefully traced and investigated.

The idea of "development," too, that most characteristic of modern conceptions, has taught us that everything has its birth and being in *time*, and has a growth or on-going. Every outburst of religious life has its history. It is the child of time, and grows on in time as surely as the man or the tree. Its beginning may have been long hidden, nothing may have been seen of it until it has suddenly, as it seems, leapt into life; but the small beginning and the slow growth on to maturity have been there, and must be traced and known if we are to know the true nature of the religious outburst itself. Church historians have already begun to recognize this, and no longer try to explain religious events as if they were solitary phenomena. They now see that in order to account for any occurrence in religious life, and any new phase in religious doctrine, they must be able to link it on to what has gone before, and show how the new product has long lain dormant like the seed in the warm earth, yet cherished and quickened by numberless hidden influences. They must point out its first birth when it leaves the protecting soil and endeavours

\* (1.) *Deutschen Mystiker des vierzehnten Jahrhunderts*; Meister Eckhart. Edited by FRANZ PFRIFFER. Leipzig: 1845.

(2.) *Hours with the Mystics*. By ROBERT ALFRED VAUGHAN. 1873.

(3.) *The History and Life of John Tauler, &c.* By S. WINKWORTH. London: 1857.

(4.) *Theologica Germanica &c.* Translated by S. WINKWORTH. London: 1854.

(5.) *Nicolas von Basle, Leben, und . . . Werke*. By DR. CARL SCHMIDT. Wien: 1866.

(6.) *Die Gottes-Freunde im vierzehnten Jahrhundert*. By DR. CARL SCHMIDT. Jena: 1854.

(7.) *Werken van Jan van Ruusbroec, from the Publications of the Maatschappij der Vlaemische Bibliophilen*. (Ser. 3, Pts. 1, 4, 7, 12.) Ghent.

(8.) *The Life of the Blessed Henry Suso*. By HIMSELF. Translated from the German by J. F. KNOX. London: 1865.

(9.) *The Christian Doctrine of Justification and Atonement*. By DR. ALBRECHT RITSCHL. Translated by JOHN S. BLACK, M.A. Edinburgh: 1871.

to push its way out to the air and the light. They must be able to tell what gentle breezes of popular enlightenment and national circumstances have welcomed its young beginnings, and must trace its growth bit by bit until it so gathers strength as to overcome all obstacles and stand forth revealed in its might. It is to such a conception as this that we owe the elaborate histories of individual doctrines like those above mentioned, and the admission — now almost universally made, — that the Reformation Church, while repudiating the mediæval type of Christianity, arose out of the Mediæval Church. Modern writers on the history of Protestant dogmatic such as Dorner and others recognize the importance of a knowledge of pre-Reformation Church life and doctrine, and are not content merely to describe the various outstanding peculiarities in Reformation doctrine and controversy. They endeavour to explain more or less satisfactorily, by a reference to past and contemporary movements and emotions in the hearts and minds of men and people, how and why the Reformation Church came to be what it was, and not something else. With them the "Reformers before the Reformation" are not solitary individuals who held opinions exactly the same as Luther, but somehow or other were accidentally dropped down on the world's stage a century or two before him; they are rather men who have got a partial glimpse of the great truths which were growing onwards to revelation, and show, as outstanding examples, the gradual preparation of the Church for the doctrines to be revealed.

Among the many influences at work in the old Catholic Church which were slowly preparing the way for its disruption in the sixteenth century, few were more powerful than mediæval mysticism, few have attracted so much attention from theologians, and none has so much general interest. Mysticism has always great charms for a large class of minds, and mediæval mysticism has special attractions for every devotional-minded man, and for every one who can admire a noble, pious, and lonely life. For

those old mediæval mystics were for the most part men who had felt, more than others, the weariness and sorrow of human life. Their lot was cast in evil days, in times when men were really tried, and forced to show of what stuff they were made. They lived, as it seemed to them, in the last days of an evil dying world —

*Hora novissima, tempora pessima sunt, vigilemus!*

*Ecce minaciter imminet arbiter, ille supremus,*

and it behoved them to live, though in the world, spiritual heavenly lives, not of the world. They were the Stoics of the Middle Ages, with the hard morality of stoicism softened and humanized by the Christian ideas of love and the common brotherhood of mankind, and the stoical idea of a universal moral commonwealth of men transformed into the hope of the coming kingdom of heaven. The same influences which were at work in the early decline of the old Empire of the Cæsars to make thoughtful and devout men betake themselves to stoicism, turn their backs in proud scorn on an evil, hopelessly evil world, and live mostly within the circle of their own ideas, — those same influences were busy during the long decay and downfall of the Holy Roman Empire, leading men to betake themselves to lives of solitary mystical contemplation, to despair of anything like organic Church life, and to turn away from a world too hopelessly bad to become regenerate. Mediæval mysticism, as we shall afterwards see, is from one point of view a revival of the old Roman stoicism with Christianity superadded.

The mediæval mystics were all of them men who had lived and suffered as few have been called on to suffer, and who have recorded for us their sorrows, and how they were able to endure, and even in some measure to triumph over them. It is this that gives to their writings such power over our hearts, and awakens in us such sympathy with their lives, their sayings and doings. The sympathy of sorrow brings all men nearer each other, and annihilates in a way that nothing else can the length of time that stretches between this nineteenth century of ours,



and the far-off period in which these men lived and laboured, sorrowed and were comforted; so that their "noble little books," as Luther called them, can never be to us mere books, collections of ideas, or records of opinions, but are rather the living voices of human souls speaking to us with directness and power, awakening all our feelings, and stirring us to the bottom of our hearts.

I suppose [says George Eliot, in the "Mill on the Floss"] that the reason why the small old-fashioned book, for which you need only pay sixpence at a book stall, works miracles to this day, turning bitter waters into sweetness, while expensive sermons and treatises newly issued leave all things as they were before, is, that it was written down by a hand that waited for the heart's prompting; it is the chronicle of a solitary hidden anguish, struggle, trust, and triumph: not written on velvet cushions to teach endurance to those who are treading with bleeding feet on the stones. And so it remains to all time a lasting record of human needs and human consolations; the voice of a brother who ages ago felt, and suffered, and renounced—in the cloister, perhaps, with serge gown and tonsured head, with chaunting and long fasting, and with a fashion of speech different from ours, but under the same silent far-off heavens, and with the same passionate desires, the same strivings, the same failures, the same weariness.

It is because of this intense human interest which there is in mysticism, and especially the mysticism of the fourteenth century, that their contributions to theology have become perhaps unduly prominent, and have had a place yielded to them in theological discussion which is scarcely their due; and that the full worth of mysticism can never be felt, nor can the good work done by it in the world ever be measured, if we look upon it as merely a branch of old Catholic theology. We cannot help loving those old mystics, and longing to get near them in spirit; they were such great-souled, tender-hearted, sorrowing men, full of earnest duty, full of steadfast daring, full of noble manhood; and in this mood we care little for doctrines or systems. It is the men we seek to know, not their theological opinions.

This, which may be called the human interest in mediæval mysticism, as opposed to the theological, requires to be clearly stated and kept in mind, whenever the influence of these mystics is discussed; but when it has once been acknowledged we need not again refer to it. What we have to do with in this article is not the power which the mediæval mystics have exercised in all times because of the depth of their human sympathies, or because they lived great lives; our business is with their special influence as a class or school of theologians on contemporary and future theological doctrines. No doubt these mystics, like all men, and especially like all men whose lives are preëminently more interesting than their opinions, are to be tried and tested as individuals who thought their own thoughts and lived their own lives, and they themselves would have so wished to be tried. Eckhart or Tauler would have objected as vehemently as the late Frederick Denison Maurice did to any critic who would have spoken of their "system," or discussed their writings as representing a "school" of thinkers. But the purpose of historical criticism absorbs the individual in the class of which he is a member, and must do so, even at the risk of some injustice towards the men whose opinions are criticised. Nor is there much harm done to the individual, if the critic bears in mind, as he ought always to do, that it is only the doctrine which he is describing, and whose effects he is tracing, and does not seek to limit the sphere of the man by the spread and power of his more distinctive opinions.

It is necessary to separate with some clearness at the outset, mysticism, in so far as it is an object of interest to the theologian and in so far as it influenced the development of theological doctrine, from the more widely felt interest which all men, whether theologians or not, must take in the lives of the principal mediæval mystics; for the distinction has often been forgotten, and the special theological meaning of many of the doctrines of mysticism has by many critics been so connected with the pious

lives of those who have held and taught the doctrines, that "mystic" is often believed to mean "one who is more pious than his neighbours."

Mediæval mysticism, whether considered as a whole, or as divided into several branches, is by far too wide a subject to be discussed in a short article like this. To show how all the various doctrines and opinions, whether theological, moral, or philosophical, which have been classed under the common name mysticism, have come to bear that common name, to trace the historical connection between the various stages of its growth, and how much each teacher or sect brought into the common stock, is one of the most difficult tasks yet to be accomplished in historical theology, and one that cannot be attempted here.\* We accordingly set aside many interesting questions which at once are suggested by our subject: Who was the pseudo-Dionysius, and what the influence of his writings on the mystical theology of the Western Church? What was the theological influence of Scotus Erigena upon Eckhart and Tauler? and many such like. We must make no mention of the school of St. Victor and its many pious disciples. No attempt must be made to distinguish the true ethical mystics from the many immoral sects which laid claim to the name. The curious theological and political questions suggested by the terms Fratricelli, Brotherhood of the Free Spirit, Beguines, Beghards, &c., must be left unnoticed. We propose to confine our attention to the mystics of the fourteenth century, or rather to Eckhart, Tauler, Nicolas of Basle, Heinrich Suso, and Jan van Ruusbroec, and their followers, and seek to trace the connection between the mysticism they taught and the theology of the great Reformation which came two hundred years later.† It was in the fourteenth century that mysticism reached its bloom-time, and those theologians who are inclined to make the connection be-

tween the Reformation and mysticism somewhat close, select the writers we have mentioned, with Thomas of Kempen and the author of the "Deutsche Theologie" as the typical mystics.

Eckhart, or Meister Eckhart,\* as he is commonly called, was at once the earliest and the greatest of the mystics of the fourteenth century. Born in 1251, the first fifty years of his long life seem to have been spent in calm preparation for its stirring and tumultuous close. Of his early years we know little or nothing — even his birthplace is unknown. According to some biographers he was a native of Saxony, while others, with great probability, say that he was born in Strasbourg. He studied at the University of Paris, where he took the degree of Master of Arts. There he laid the foundation of his great theological learning, and after a time became a very successful lecturer. We are told that he knew thoroughly the writings of the principal Church Fathers, from Origen to Thomas of Aquin and Ægidius of Colonna. His favourite authors were Augustin, Thomas of Aquin, the Pseudo-Dionysius† and Scotus Erigena, but beyond all he prized the writings of Hugo of St. Victor, whose disciple he claimed to be. In 1289, having resolved to give up his secular occupation, he was appointed teacher of philosophy in the Dominican School of St. Jacques, in Paris, and continued there for nine years. During this period he was created doctor of theology by Boniface VIII., a fact which shows that the

\* Since Hegel, in his "History of Philosophy," said that Eckhart was the father of German philosophy, and his writings an anticipation of modern speculation, there has been no lack of monographs describing his life and writings in many different ways. The best of these is undoubtedly Adolf Lasson's *Meister Eckhart, der Mystiker. Zur Geschichte der religiösen Speculation in Deutschland*. Berlin, 1868. The student should also consult Bach's *Meister Eckhart, der Vater der deutschen Speculation*, Wien, 1864 — though this book is in every way inferior to Lasson's; and Dr. Carl Schmidt's essay in "Studien und Kritiken" for 1839, pp. 663-7. But whoever would know Eckhart for himself should peruse the work which heads our list, an edition of Eckhart's writings carefully edited by Franz Pfeiffer, that indefatigable editor of mediæval German literature. The book purports to be the first of a series of the writings of the fourteenth century mystics, but we believe that no others were published. Any references made to Eckhart's writings are made to this edition.

† The works of the pseudo-Dionysius are certain mystical writings in which the theories of the Neo-Platonists and the more prominent doctrines of Christianity are so blended together as to form a mystical theology. These writings, which were very popular with mediæval theologians, and possessed great fascination for any minds at all inclined to mysticism, were ascribed, wrongly it can now be shown, to Dionysius the Areopagite, the Athenian convert of St. Paul. They are the great source of the mysticism of the Western Church.

\* The only thorough-going attempt to solve this problem, so far as we know, is that of H. Schmid in his "Der Mysticismus des Mittelalters in seiner Entstehungs-periode, Jena, 1824," and it is too vague and inaccurate to be of much help to the student.

† By "theology of the Reformation" is meant the theology of the Lutheran and Reformed Churches, as opposed to the theology of the Old Catholic, of the Roman Catholic Churches, and also as opposed to that of the Socinians. The connection between the theology of the Mystics and that of the Reformation Church is a purely critical question, and we purpose to treat it as such. We take the doctrines of both systems, not for the purpose of defending either, but simply to find what is the connection, if any, between them.

fame of the Dominican monk had been gradually growing, and that his superiors in his order and in the Church had discerned his eminent abilities. In 1304 he was made provincial of his order for Saxony, and in 1307 he was further promoted to the rank of vicar-general of the order in Bohemia, and injunctions were laid upon him to superintend and reform the cloister-preachers. It was at this time, when he was nearly sixty years of age, that Eckhart began his life of active work. He travelled a great deal, making tours of inspection, reforming abuses, selecting men whom he could trust for the important office of cloister-preacher, and all the time preaching from day to day to the people. This is the period of his life to which we owe those sermons which have come down to us. From the first his discourses were noted for those mystical expressions and ideas which were to be expected from the student of the pseudo-Dionysius and of Hugo of St. Victor, but they soon began to show that Eckhart was a man of independent thought, who could bring altogether new ideas into his theology, and had the boldness to preach what he believed. His sermons were written in the rude German of the middle ages, but his style made up by its vigour for what it lacked in refinement, and few preachers have been so popular with the common people. When we remember the kind of preaching to which the laity were then accustomed, and how such a book as the "*Gesta Romanorum cum applicationibus*" furnished the preaching friars with the texts, illustrations, and practical applications for their sermons, we need not wonder much that the noble enthusiasm of Eckhart and the deep spirituality of his discourses must have had a wonderful effect on the German mind. Wherever he went crowds assembled to hear him preach, and by-and-by little companies of praying believers were formed, who looked up to Eckhart as a spiritual father. Encouraged by the work done in Saxony and Bohemia, Eckhart resolved to widen the range of his preaching journeys, and in 1324 he came to Strasburg, intending to preach in all the chief towns of the Rhine provinces. He was now nearly seventy-five years of age, but his activity was untiring. He transacted regularly the great amount of business which fell to the care of a provincial vicar-general of one of the largest of the religious orders, he corresponded constantly with all the little companies of

spiritual Christians whom his preaching had aroused to attempt to live higher Christian lives, and he preached to vast audiences from day to day with untiring energy. Hitherto he had suffered no interruption in the course of his journeys, but he was now to array against himself and his work more than one powerful Churchman. When Eckhart came to Strasburg the Rhine provinces were full of the followers of certain enthusiastic mystical sects, who gave great trouble to the bishops of the dioceses. Beghards and Beguines, Lollards and Fratricelli, made Köln their head-quarters, and their disciples, we are told, abounded in all the villages and towns of Rhine-land, from Köln to Strasburg.\* When Eckhart preached in Strasburg, and still more notably when he went to Frankfort, numbers of Beghards and of other proscribed sects attended his preaching, and the great preacher had a good deal of intercourse with them. Several members of those heretical sects were admitted into the religious associations formed by Eckhart, and there was so much intercourse between them and the great Dominican as to excite the suspicions of the chief of the regular clergy of the Rhine provinces, Johann of Ockenstein, Bishop of Strasburg, and Heinrich of Virnenburg, Archbishop of Köln, accused Eckhart of holding and teaching the doctrines of the Beghards. He was summoned before a council of the Dominican order at Venice, and it was there decided that Eckhart was free from any taint of heresy. The Archbishop Heinrich enraged at this decision, and knowing that Eckhart's mystical theology had to some extent leavened the Dominicans, boldly accused the whole order of heresy, and summoned it, and especially its vicar-general for Bohemia, before the Inquisition. This happened in the beginning of 1326, and the Dominicans at once appealed to the pope, John XXII. A papal appeal was always a lengthy matter, and

\* The history and theological and political character of those obscure mystical sects is one of the most difficult problems of the religious history of the Middle Ages. There seems to be no doubt but that a desire after a more spiritual Christianity than the Church seemed capable of giving was at the beginning the main element in their revolt from the Catholic Church. On the other hand, however, it must be acknowledged, that the life and conduct of many of these sects were grossly immoral, so much so that no modern government could allow their existence within its dominion; and it must also be borne in mind that in many cases their political creed was communistic, and their religion pantheistic. It does not seem unlikely that in all these sects the good and evil elements were mingled, and that each came to the surface as circumstances called them out.

the pope was in no hurry to issue his judgment in a case where such a powerful order was concerned. Twenty-eight propositions were presented to the pope, said to be taken from the published sermons of Eckhart. Eckhart, on being asked, acknowledged fifteen of them as his, and the pope declared that he would give judgment upon those fifteen. While the judgment was still pending Eckhart died, in the beginning of 1329, at the age of seventy-eight. The pope's bull was issued after his death, two of Eckhart's propositions were therein declared to be heretical, and one or two others pronounced incautious.

Eckhart did not leave behind him any systematic account of his doctrines in philosophy and theology. These have to be gathered from his sermons and popular expositions, and pieced together by the critic. With his philosophical opinions we have nothing to do here, and shall therefore pass them over without remark,\* and we cannot do more than describe those theological doctrines of his which bring out more specially his relation to the Reformation theology.

To understand Eckhart's doctrines aright two things must be always kept in mind: firstly, his idea that everything external or earthly is only a parable, and is to be treated as such, and secondly his intense *individualism*. He understood better than most men that anything which can be seen or handled is of worth only for the spiritual meaning that lies within it, and this made him needlessly impatient of the external. It was the "shell to be broken, the husk to be torn off and flung away ere the spiritual kernel could be reached." It seemed to him that the spiritual meaning could never become the possession of any man until he had first got rid of the external framework, which, if it held, could not but hide the spiritual truth. And his individualism made him quite blind to the fact that if the external thing is valuable only for the spiritual truth it conveys, it *is* of worth, because it contains and presents the spiritual truth which perhaps could only be presented by such external aids.

\* Eckhart's doctrine of the soul is shortly given in Sermon 21, p. 88, &c.; his doctrine of knowledge in Sermon 99, pp. 295-9, more especially p. 297; cf. also Sermon 113, pp. 303-307; and his doctrine of the negative, in Sermon 100. There are numberless other passages, but these seem to me the most important. Hegelians call Eckhart the "father of German speculation," and think that he was a sort of antediluvian Hegel, cf. Erdmann, "Panteismus, die Grundlage der Religion," and Zeller's Essay in the "Theol. Jahrbücher" for 1843.

To his own mind there was no need for those external wrappings, and so he never thought of the aid they gave in preserving and objectifying spiritual truths. External authority, or external limitations of whatever kind, had to be got rid of by the soul that would know and feel spiritual things; and so Eckhart taught that there was no *real* authority in Scripture, in dogma, or in the Church; what was really and spiritually true was something entirely behind and beyond everything external. In this way many doctrines which occupy a very important place in theology, whether Roman Catholic or Protestant, are relegated to a very subordinate position by Eckhart.

The doctrine of the Church, for example, nowhere appears in his writings. It is not that he makes any formal protest against that doctrine as it was held by the old Catholic Church, but the whole matter is for him so unimportant that it really does not require discussion. Eckhart always mentioned the Church with respect, as was becoming in a vicar-general of the Dominicans, and he always represented himself to be a loyal son of the old Catholic Church, but a *doctrine* of the Church has no place in his theology. He taught the people to honour and revere the pope, but he plainly intimated that the same Spirit of God which dwells in the pope, as head of the Church, may dwell in a great measure in the poorest believer. The clergy were to be honoured, he said, for they were the channels through which the grace of God came; but this grace might and did come in many other ways. These views are, of course, entirely contrary to the old Catholic doctrine of the Church beyond whose pale there is no salvation, and if reduced to practice must have led to the destruction of the Catholic Church; but it must be remembered that Eckhart never brought forward any other theory of the Church to take the place of that which he rejected. From his standpoint of pure individualism all such theories were matters of indifference, and he altogether rejected the idea of any objective community through which God's grace comes to the individual believer, whether in the form of an ecclesiastical organization, or of the whole company of believers inspired by the Spirit.

Eckhart taught that the Holy Scriptures were to be revered as the true revelation of God, and he urged upon his hearers the usefulness of studying them with all earnestness. His sermons



are eminently Scriptural, if by that is meant full of quotations from Scripture; and he evidently rejected the old Catholic idea that the Scripture was the word of God only in so far as it was expounded to the people by the Church, the interpreter appointed by God. But with Eckhart Scripture revealed very much what each individual believer made it reveal. Scripture is not, according to his ideas, the record of a continuous historical revelation of God, nor has it always one meaning, to be discovered by due grammatical interpretation and critical appliances; it is rather a series of dissolving views, a collection of changing pictures. Every verse has several meanings, of more or less value, and the meaning least valuable in every case is the plain matter-of-fact meaning which lies on the surface. The plain text, he thinks, must be broken up to get at the spiritual meaning beneath, and so everything, whether record of national history, of miracle, or of biography, must be spiritualized, or treated as an allegory. Thus, in his sermon on the restoration to life of the son of the widow of Nain,\* the city of Nain becomes the soul of man, the disciples the rays of light entering into the soul, and the widow's son the human will, which is met at the threshold of the soul, as it were, and quickened into new life ere the heavenly light can enter. All this means that Scripture is just what it is interpreted to be, and so Eckhart says. The Holy Scriptures are undoubtedly a revelation of God, but the revelation is not contained in the external written word, nor is it to be reached by such outward aids as grammar and exegesis. The true revelation of God is that which comes from the power which can so interpret those dead words and letters as to make them the spiritual revelation of God. And so, according to Eckhart, the Scripture reveals God in an imperfect and external way, the true revelation is that which comes neither from the letter of Scripture, nor from the external voice of the Church interpreting Scripture, but from the presence of the Spirit of God within each man's heart, who is the true interpreter sent to every believer.

This introduces the question, What is meant precisely by the presence of the Spirit of God in man's soul, revealing to him and interpreting for him the things of God? In other words, What is Eckhart's doctrine of the office and work of

the Holy Spirit, the Interpreter? It is evident that Eckhart entirely rejected the old Catholic idea that the Spirit of God, while interpreting divine things to man, acts through a regularly appointed external organization, which when traced back to its last source, is the voice of the Church speaking through its Ecumenical Councils; according to his theory, the Spirit of God speaks to the heart and soul of the individual man, and needs no external machinery to make known what it has to reveal. If the believer's understanding is full of the presence of God, then he will know God's truth. This, according to Eckhart, is the one condition of revelation.\* But to understand what he means when he speaks of the presence of the Spirit of God, it is necessary to bear in mind his favourite theory of the *fünklein* or *scintilla*†

Eckhart said that there is always within man a *fünklein*, a spark which is just the presence of God within him, and that this divine spark is the very essence and core of the human soul. It is no supernatural presence, no superadded gift of God's grace, but the essence of the soul itself which in its inmost being is divine. If the light of this divine spark be allowed to permeate through the soul unchecked by the darkening influences of this sensible life, then the whole soul, full of divine illumination, will see clearly and know truly the things of God. The presence of the Spirit of God is, then, according to Eckhart, nothing else than the existence in man of this divine "soul-centre," and the believer's understanding is full of the Spirit of God when nothing earthly or sensible interferes with the illumination which this divine "soul-centre" sends forth. The interruptions of sense and earth are not to be overcome by any special revelation, or mystic

\* Cf. "Das Buch der Götlichen Troestunge," sect. 5, especially pp. 435-7.

† This word is constantly used by Eckhart, and is evidently a great favourite with him. He probably borrowed it from the scholastic theologians, many of whom, Alexander of Hales, for example, Bonaventura, Albertus Magnus, and Thomas of Aquin use it frequently to denote the result of that restoration of the human soul which takes place when the regenerating grace of God enters and revives it. In borrowing the word, however, Eckhart changed its meaning. He still uses it to denote the presence of God in the soul, but it is not a "restoration," but the true and abiding essence of the soul. Thus, by means of a term well-known in the theology of the period to denote the presence of God in His saving grace, Eckhart introduces the Platonic and Neo-Platonic idea, that the soul of man in its inmost essence is just the presence of God. Thus, with Eckhart, *fünklein* means what Plotinus denotes when he speaks of the "divine soul-centre," and he invests it with all the creative and divine elements with which the pantheistic Averroës clothes his *νοῦς ποιητικὸς*.



trance, or vision; for it is the pure understanding, the reason undimmed by sensible things (for Eckhart does not distinguish between the reason and the understanding) which is the revelation of God in man. It is the human understanding cleared of all sense-coverings which is, according to Eckhart, the *fünklein*, or spark of the divine nature within us, forming the essence of our souls. Man's reason kept pure is the presence of God in man, and is the divine and spiritual interpreter which is to reveal for us in Scripture and elsewhere what is the true and spiritual knowledge of God. There is nothing more curious in the development of Eckhart's theology than his contempt for visions and trances of all kinds, and his thorough and earnest rationalism. All such things as visions, mystic trances, and times of emotional excitement are of the earth earthy, and in his opinion only interfere with our knowledge of divine things,\* and are to be got rid of with all speed. In short, Eckhart's idea of spiritual illumination given by God to man, which he declared to be alike the source and the test of all knowledge of divine things, is purely rationalistic. His descriptions of the "*fünklein*," and its divine nature, read very like Spinoza's theory of the true nature of revelation in his criticism of the inspiration of Hebrew prophecy; and Eckhart, rather than Spinoza, may be called the father of German Rationalism.

If Eckhart is the first and greatest of the mystics of the fourteenth century, Tauler must be held to come next in importance. He had not the great learning of Eckhart, nor his profound speculation, but his lot was cast in more troublous times, when the practical and energetic, as opposed to the speculative and contemplative faculties, found a field for action. Johann Tauler† was born at Strasburg in the year 1290. When he was about eighteen years of age, he resolved to devote himself to a monastic

life, and entered a Dominican convent. His superiors sent him to Paris to study in the Dominican college of St. Jacques — the college where Eckhart had taught for nine years, and which he had left only five years before. There he began to study the scholastic theology, and soon showed a decided taste for the writings of those schoolmen who were more or less inclined to mysticism. St. Bernard, Richard and Hugo of St. Victor, and the pseudo-Dionysius were his favourite authors in theology, and in philosophy he studied carefully the Neo-Platonists, especially Proclus.

It is impossible to say how far Eckhart influenced Tauler and led him to become a mystic in theology. The memory of the great mystic must have been held in reverence in Paris when young Tauler went there to study at the Dominican college; and later on in life Tauler must have either met Eckhart, or seen and felt the effect of his labours in Strasburg. Tauler, a native of Strasburg, would be surrounded by mysticism from his youth; for, as we have already said, that city was a noted centre for various of the heretical mystical sects, more especially for the Brethren of the Free Spirit; and although he altogether repudiated the doctrines of those licentious sectaries, still he could not help being somewhat influenced by them. During the earlier part of his life, however, the person who had the largest share in forming his character and opinions was his friend and companion Nicolas of Strasburg, a Dominican like himself, who was afterwards appointed inspector of the convents of his order in Germany. Nicolas was a mystic, like Eckhart; he was a man of great learning, and of a calm, gentle disposition; and his mysticism, less speculative, was more religious, and found outlet in an intense yearning after the "inward peace" which contemplation of the divine brings with it. In his later years Tauler came under another influence, that of Nicolas of Basle, to whom he owed his "conversion;" but during the early part of his life no one had more sway over him than his fellow Dominican.

Tauler's labours at Strasburg probably began about the year 1312, and ended only with his death in 1361. This period of nearly half a century included, perhaps, the most disastrous years in the history of mediæval Europe. The previous century had been occupied with the great struggle between pope and

\* "Ouch hinderent sich guote geistliche liute rehter vollekomenheit, daz sie belibent mit ir geistes geluste dā dem bilde der menscheit unsers herren Jēsu Kristi, und hie mit hinderent sich guote liute, daz sie sich ze vil lāzent an visionen, daz sie sehent bildeliche dinc in irs geiste, ez sīn danne menschen oder engele oder unsers herren Jēsu Kristi menscheit, unde geloubent sie der aussprache, die sie dā hoerent in dem geiste, ob sie hoerent daz sie die liebsten sīn, oder eines anderen tugenden, oder sie hoerent, daz Got dur sie iht tuon wil."

† Miss Winkworth's very interesting little book, "History and Life of Dr. John Tauler, with Twenty-five of his Sermons," contains really all that the student requires to know about Tauler and his times. The best monograph is undoubtedly Dr. Carl Schmidt's "Johannes Tauler von Strasburg."

Kaiser, and the great House of Hohenstaufen had fallen before the might of the bishops of Rome. Scarcely had the papacy triumphed, when it received a blow from which it never recovered; and the Church, weakened by internal dissensions, was now regaining strength to enter into another long contest with the empire. In 1314, Frederick of Austria and Lewis of Bavaria, were both elected emperor; both were crowned at Aix, and were forced to submit their claims to the fortune of war. At length, in 1322, Lewis triumphed, and Frederick became the prisoner of his rival. So long as the matter remained uncertain, the pope, who all along had feared the power of Lewis, and had sided with Frederick, contented himself with aiding his candidate by means of open assistance or secret intrigue; but when Lewis at length triumphed, he put in motion all the ecclesiastical machinery of the Church to crush the new emperor. All who favoured Lewis were declared excommunicated, and the empire was laid under an interdict for twenty-six years. It is scarcely possible for us to estimate the full force of this terrible exercise of ecclesiastical power. For more than a quarter of a century the Church preserved a hostile attitude towards the greater portion of the people of Europe, for Lewis was the popular favourite. Everywhere the churches were shut, the sacraments were not dispensed, the people were denied all the ordinary consolations of religion. So bitter was the feeling engendered in the minds of the people against the clergy, that, for a few years before the removal of the ban the uneducated peasantry of Germany confidently expected the coming of a Messiah in the person of Frederick II., the "priest-hater," who was to rise from the dead, and free them from the intolerable bondage under which the clergy made them groan.

In Strasburg, as in most other great towns of the empire, the clergy and the people were arrayed against each other. The bishop, John of Ockenstein, and his clergy, sided with the pope, while Lewis was the people's favourite; and, in consequence, the inhabitants of Strasburg were laid under the ban. Strasburg, though suffering much, was not quite so badly off as many other places, for many of the clergy, being inclined to mysticism, were not so obedient to the pope's interdict as their brethren elsewhere; and the city contained numbers of Dominican

and Franciscan monks, who were not slow to exercise one of the great privileges of their orders — the power to celebrate mass during an interdict, when all other priests were prohibited from any clerical function. It is needless to say that Tauler, the Dominican, laboured earnestly among the people through all these trying years, preaching to them from day to day, and going out and in among them as their spiritual guide and consoler.

At last Lewis, wearied out by the constant persecution of the pope, resolved to retaliate. In 1338, the Electoral College held their famous meeting, at which they declared that the king of the Romans received his power and dignity from the electors alone, and that the imperial dignity being bestowed directly by God, through the hands of the electors, he who had been legitimately chosen by the electoral princes became thereby king and emperor, without further confirmation by the pope. Immediately afterwards Lewis issued his celebrated manifesto, in which he made known to all Christendom that the pope had no authority over the emperor, and that when he attempted to coerce the emperor, by means of spiritual interdicts sent forth upon whole nations, it was the duty of every loyal priest to refuse to obey those interdicts. The effect of this manifesto was to cause a still greater division between the clergy and the people. In Strasburg, the Dominicans and Franciscans, who had up to this time laboured among the people, withdrew from their work. They had been quite willing to use the privilege of their order, and celebrate mass and other religious rites; but now, when any such action might be interpreted to mean that they took the emperor's side, and acted in obedience to his manifesto rather than to the pope's interdict, they thought that they could be true to the Church only by shunning every appearance of disobedience. Strasburg was deserted by all the clergy, Tauler only and two devoted companions remaining, in defiance of the orders of pope, superior, and bishop, to render spiritual service to the rebellious and doomed city. Happily for the empire Lewis did not rest content with asserting his claims; he soon proceeded to enforce them, by making war on the more conspicuous of the rebel prince-bishops, and compelled them to come to terms with him. Among those subdued was the Bishop of Strasburg, and from 1339 onwards to the death of Lewis, the city had peace.

Great as his labours must have been in this his native city, Tauler did not confine himself to Strasburg, but made various journeys to other towns which lay under interdict, especially to Basle and to Köln. At this latter place he was met and gladly welcomed by several of the disciples of Eckhart, and encouraged by them in his labours. At Basle he met Henry of Nordlingen, an old friend, who held the same mystical views, but took the clerical side in the great struggle between Lewis and the pope, and was probably introduced by him to the sisters Ebner. Tauler's intercourse with these two highly gifted Christian ladies was doubtless one of the pleasantest episodes in his long and toilsome life. Mystics like himself, well-educated and highly cultivated, strong partisans of Lewis, they encouraged Tauler in all his labours among the people, and kept up his courage when he was often inclined to give way.\*

In 1347 Lewis died, but his death brought no peace to Strasburg nor to the empire. The year before, encouraged by the pope, a few of the electors had chosen Charles IV. king of the Romans. He was at once nick-named "the priest-king" by the people; most of the States, and with them Strasburg, refused to pay him homage, even after the death of Lewis, and were accordingly laid under an interdict. The old separation between priests and people began afresh, and the laity were left to themselves to provide those religious consolations which according to the ideas of the age could only be bestowed by the clergy. Hostilities broke out afresh all over the empire, and the horrors of the time rose to their greatest height. The "Black Death," the most terrible of all pestilences, caused, it is believed, by the presence of so many unburied dead lying in numberless battlefields all over Europe, passed over South Germany and France. Neither before nor since have we records of so dreadful

a pestilence. In the city of Strasburg alone 16,000 persons died; and in the South of France it has been calculated that two out of every three of the inhabitants perished. During all this terrible time the clergy stood aloof. The pope's interdict lay between them and their fellow-men, dead and dying around them; and in the whole city of Strasburg only three men — Tauler, Thomas of Strasburg, prior-general of the Augustinians, and Ludolph of Saxony, prior of a newly established convent of Carthusians — were to be found who would render the last offices of religion to the pestilence-ridden citizens. Then, increasing the terror of the people, companies of white-robed Flagellants wandered over the country, and appearing continually in towns and villages, wildly chaunted at intervals —

Nun hebet auf eure Hände,  
Dass Gott dies grosse Sterben wende,  
Nun hebet auf eure Hände,  
Dass sich Gott über uns erbarme.

and then, throwing themselves on the ground and confessing their sins, they scourged themselves. Prophets began to foretell the end of the world, and the peasantry were more than ever fixed in their belief that the Messiah they were to expect was Frederick II., the "priest-hater" and the "priest-queller." All through this terrible time Tauler remained in Strasburg, preaching, exhorting, and bringing God's messages of peace to the bedside of the sick and the dying; the labour must have been almost too great for man to bear, but Tauler not only underwent it all, but managed at the same time to write and publish two letters to the clergy of Germany, earnestly beseeching them not to stand idly by, and see the poor people, for whom Christ laid down his life, die excommunicated, for no fault of their own, but because it so happened that sickness and death overtook them during the time of a papal interdict.

These terrible years passed slowly by, and at length Strasburg was reconciled to the Church, and the clergy again mingled with the people, celebrating mass and the other rites of religion; but the bold appeal of Tauler was not forgotten by the Bishop of Strasburg, who could never forgive the Dominican monk who tried to seduce his clergy from their allegiance to him. No sooner had friendly relations been reestablished between the civil and ecclesiastical authorities, than

\* Margaretha Ebner was a nun in the convent of Mary Medringen, in the diocese of Augsburg, and her sister Christina was abbess in the convent of Engelthal, near Nuremberg. Margaretha was not so much the disciple of Tauler, as his most intimate friend and adviser. She and her sister were accustomed to have trances and see visions, and Tauler encouraged them to send him accounts of what they saw at such times. Tauler's conduct at this time, labouring as he was ceaselessly among a people forsaken utterly by clergy and deprived of all religious ordinances, must have appeared to these two noble-minded ladies as the very ideal of a saintly life; and it is not wonderful to find that in one of her visions Christina is told that he is the "holiest of God's children now living upon this earth," and that "the Spirit of God breathes through him as sweet music through a lute."

Tauler was seized by the bishop, kept long in confinement, and at last banished from the city in which he had so long and so devotedly laboured. For a long time he is lost sight of, or seen only by glimpses, as he appears now in one town, now in another, preaching the gospel of Jesus Christ to the people; but at last we find him again in Strasburg, come back to die in the town in which he had lived and toiled. He was now an old man, seventy years of age, and his life had been a harder one than falls to the lot of most men. His last illness worked out its course in great suffering. For more than twenty weeks Tauler lay in great pain; just before his death he sent for Nicolas of Basle, the confidant and guide of his later years, and he died soon after the visit of the "great layman," on the 10th of June, 1361.

Very little requires to be said about Tauler's theological opinions. On most points his views were the same as those of Eckhart; and when he did differ from the older mystic it was not because he had theories which were so peculiarly his own that they can be called by his name, but because he had come under other influences, and, especially in the latter part of his life, had become a theological follower of Nicolas of Basle. Tauler has little or none of the speculation of Eckhart, and his whole life was too much spent in active work to admit of the leisure required to think out into definite shape theological doctrines. But the type of mysticism represented in the man would not be correctly portrayed without bringing into prominence the remarkable account of his conversion, and his letters to the German clergy.

We have already alluded to the letters. They were written from Strasburg, at the time when the breach between clergy and people was at its height. The first is a passionate appeal to the devout clergy of Germany not to suffer the people to die by hundreds without the consolation of religion; it appeals to all the nobler feelings of man's nature stirred into action by the example of Christ; and asks how any man, with the heart and feelings of a man, can stand aside and allow multitudes for whom our Lord died, to perish in neglect; and it ends with a fierce invective against the pope, who claiming to be Christ's representative on earth, yet closes heaven against men, simply because they happen to die while he is at war with their emperor. The second letter is more argumentative. It

defines the nature and limits of spiritual and temporal power; shows that the possession of spiritual power implies that it must be used in accordance with the dictates of human justice and reason, and asserts that wherever those who pretend to possess spiritual power use it irrationally and unjustly—cursing, for example, and excommunicating poor people, and even whole nations, because an emperor who is personally displeasing to the pope has been lawfully elected by the legitimate Court of Electors—the spiritual censures can do no harm to those against whom they are launched, but must recoil on the head of those who have impiously sent them forth. In short, in these two letters Tauler appears as the mystic, who, himself caring very little for any theory of the Church, is yet forced by the circumstances of the time to frame what is at least a negative theory, and to assert the powerlessness of the Church if it attempts to use unjustly or immorally the spiritual powers over which it pretends to have complete control.

The account of Tauler's conversion is too interesting and too important to be entirely passed over. One day, while preaching in Strasburg, he had among his hearers a man who, as he listened, perceived that the preacher, although of an amiable disposition and well-instructed in the Scripture, was yet blind to the light of God's grace, and he determined to try and bring him to a better frame of mind. To this end he spoke to him, and got Tauler to promise to preach a sermon on the highest good which can belong to man, which he was to criticise. The sermon was preached, and the stranger began to criticise it somewhat severely. Tauler objected to his criticism as the criticism of a layman, and was told that there is one Master, greater than all the doctors of the Church, who can instruct even the most ignorant, and that he was as yet untaught by this divine Teacher. Then his mysterious visitor gave him a golden alphabet, or series of rules for self-examination, and besought him to test himself by these. Tauler set himself with all earnestness to the task. Fully two years were spent in severe self-mortification, that his body might be brought under subjection to his reason; he was counted a madman and was forsaken by his friends, and at last lay sick, almost dying, without having found the peace he sought. Suddenly, as he lay in his cell in deep meditation, he heard a wonderful voice speaking com-



fortably to him, and the peace he had longed for came. Then he essayed to declare to others the peace he had himself found, but when he went into the pulpit he could not speak for weeping. His brother monks forbade him to preach because he had made himself a laughing-stock and had brought disgrace upon his order, but he persevered. By degrees he recovered his powers, and his sermons began to have a wonderful effect on the hearts and even on the bodies of his hearers. Men fainted and lay as dead,\* and at the close of each sermon crowds waited to hear yet more if it were possible; and these powers continued with him until the end of his life. Such is the account given us of his conversion.† It is important for our purpose to notice that Tauler dates his great change from the time when this mysterious visitor, who was no other than Nicolas of Basle, obtained an influence over him, and taught him that God's illuminating grace was not confined to the Church or the clergy, but came to every one of God's people directly from Jesus Christ himself; and that the practical result of his conversion upon his theological opinions was to make Tauler less of a Churchman than he had been, and to fill him with a belief in the personal inspiration of his new adviser, and of his own ability to obtain direct revelations of God's truth through mystic visions and trances. But to understand the full meaning of those changes in theological belief it is necessary to know more of the man under whose guidance Tauler was brought to accept them.

No student of mediæval mysticism can have failed to note the growth in the fourteenth century of an association, or rather of several groups of associations, the members of which called themselves the "Friends of God;" and many must have come upon more or less obscure notices of some one who is styled "the great layman" and the "great Friend of God," who seemed to be the founder and recognized spiritual head of these

associations; but it was not until Dr Carl Schmidt published the results of his researches among the MSS. in the old library of Strasburg, that we had any very definite knowledge either of the founder or of the nature of these associations.\*

Nicolas of Basle was the son of a wealthy merchant in that town, and was born in the year 1308. He was a lad of good abilities and irreproachable conduct, and was from very early years of a decidedly religious disposition. When about fifteen years of age he became oppressed by a great consciousness of sin, and in order to free himself from the burden under which he laboured, he resolved to renounce the world and devote himself to a religious life. Even at this early stage of his career the independence of his character revealed itself, for he does not appear to have even contemplated entering a convent or becoming a priest; he renounced the world, but made the renunciation in his own way. For five years he laboured to obtain a nearer approach to God, reading the lives of saints and practising austerities. At length God revealed Himself to him, and he found peace. And now he began to feel himself specially inspired by God, and specially taught by the Holy Spirit. Immediately after his conversion he began to study the Scriptures, and found that although he had never received a university education, nor any instruction in theology, he was able, in the space of thirty weeks, to master and understand the Word of God as thoroughly as the most learned doctors of the Church. While separating himself from the Church, and denying her claim to be the mediator between God and man in the revelation of doctrine, Nicolas did not associate himself with any heretical sects. He had no connection whatever with the Waldenses, although some of his doctrines were the same as theirs, and

\* It is said that Tauler was very much alarmed when he first saw his hearers faint and lie as dead; but Nicolas, more accustomed to such scenes, told the bystanders to give each a warm drink and put them comfortably to bed until they came to.

† Until within the last twenty-five years, all that was known of this history was that it had been found bound up with some MSS. of Tauler's sermons. Many critics believed it to be a forgery, and most others thought that it was merely an allegory; but Prof. Carl Schmidt, after researches in the old library of Strasburg, has proved conclusively that this history is a true account of what actually happened to Tauler, and that his mysterious visitor was no other than Nicolas of Basle, who is the author of the history.

\* Dr. Schmidt found several MSS. relating to this subject, but the most important was a large folio volume containing chiefly letters and papers collected and left by Rulmann Merswin, who had been the founder of a convent of Knights of St. John, to which this book had originally belonged. Rulmann Merswin had been a friend of Tauler, and like him, a disciple of Nicolas of Basle, with whom he had kept up a constant correspondence. The book is chiefly in the handwriting of Nicolas of Laufen, who was secretary to Rulmann Merswin, and afterwards a priest of the Order of St. John, and an inmate of the convent. It contains (1.) a MSS. called "Buch von den fünf Männer," an account of Nicolas and von chsen companions written by Nicolas himself. (2.) Twenty-two letters of Nicolas. (3.) A religious autobiography of Rulmann Merswin, the history of the first four years being in his own handwriting. Cf. "Gottes-Freunde." Preface.



he was the determined opponent of the licentious Brethren of the Free Spirit, and of the pantheistic Beghards.\* He occupied a thoroughly independent position between the Church on the one hand and the heretical sects on the other; and the fact of his being a layman enabled him to do this with greater ease and safety than if he had been a member of any religious order. His theology was of a very simple kind, and he had not the perplexing logical mind which prevents a thinker from holding doctrines quite irreconcilable with each other. On most points of doctrine his opinions were substantially those of the old Catholic Church, but along with these he held two doctrines which, when pushed to their logical consequences, would have yielded results entirely subversive of most of the theology of the Church. These were the doctrines of self-renunciation and of private inspiration; and to the mind of Nicolas they are so mutually related, that when self-renunciation is complete inspiration follows.

The doctrine of self-renunciation must form a part of every system of theology, and recommends itself to every pious mind; but it is generally so stated as not to interfere with other doctrines at least equally necessary and equally important. Nicolas and his followers, however, made it the one important doctrine in a Christian theology, and stated it in the most absolute manner. The self-renunciation they taught was not the self-renunciation of Reformation theology, wherein the believer is taught to renounce his own *merit*, in order to gain by confidence in the merit of Jesus Christ a standing before God, and peace of conscience in spite of the sense of sin; it is rather an absolute renunciation of one's own individuality in order to leave all things to God. The doctrine as taught by these mystical theologians amounted to absolute quietism, and if logically adhered to would have prevented every kind of human action and exertion. Nicolas did not go so far as this, but he went far enough to show that his doctrine was, in its practical application, irreconcilable with the doctrines and worship of the Catholic Church. For he taught that if man could only thoroughly renounce himself, and put his self-knowledge aside, he would come to know that all things which he experiences are sent him for his good,

and are not to be shunned, but are to be taken as blessings sent by God. Temptations to sin, he thought, should always be faced and never shirked, nor are we to pray to be delivered from them; and in the same way it is not right to pray for any alteration of circumstances, nor even for the coming of the kingdom of heaven. The highest form of the divine life in man is, according to Nicolas, resignation to the will of God, and prayer is a means of bringing about this state of resignation; hence the believer should only pray for a right and suitable frame of mind and will—that is a frame of mind and will resigned to whatever is sent or is to be sent by God in His providence—while to pray for a change in one's circumstances, for forgiveness of sins, for freedom from temptation, for the coming of the kingdom, is to pray that what God sends may be made subject to us, not that we should be made to submit ourselves to it, and so tends to produce self-assertion, not self-renunciation.\*

When self-renunciation is complete, the soul of man having become entirely resigned to the divine will, becomes, Nicolas taught, so entirely assimilated to the divine nature that it has continual and near fellowship with God. Thus the man who has so far triumphed over his natural inclination to self-assertion as to become wholly resigned to the ways of God, is always in familiar intercourse with the Spirit of God, who communicates to him all divine knowledge. Thus Nicolas claimed for himself and for such of his followers as had reached a state of perfection in self-renunciation, a direct acquaintance with things divine. God revealed Himself to them, they believed, not indirectly and only through the medium of the Holy Scriptures; but directly and immediately through dreams and waking visions, and in this way taught them to understand perfectly all the sublimest mysteries in theology. It often happened that these revelations consisted in allegorical visions, as when Rulmann Merswin had a vision of a stone successively assuming three shapes, and was thereby taught to understand as he

\* Cf. the fifteenth and sixteenth articles in the sentence against Martin of Mainz, one of Nicolas' followers:—

15. Quod perfectus homo non debet pro inferni liberatione ac celestis regni collocacone deum orare nec illi pro aliquo quod deus est non servire, sed indifferens ejus beneplacitum expectare.

16. Quod in evangelis et in oratione dominica non debet stare sic: et ne nos inducas in temptationem, quia negatio non ex Christi doctrina, sed ex alia quacunqne negligentia.

\* Cf. his "Buch von den zwei Männer," in Schmidt's "Gottes-Freunde."

had never understood before the doctrine of the Trinity; while at other times, as in the vision which came to Tauler at his conversion, the revelation was expressed in ordinary language. This *private* inspiration, which Nicolas believed that he possessed, was quite different from the ordinary efforts of the human reason, and in this respect Tauler and Nicolas hold opinions altogether opposed to the rationalism of Eckhart. It was a supernatural gift especially bestowed upon men from without, and showed itself in ways altogether different from the exercises of the ordinary reason. The men who were believed to be possessed of it had in it a new gift, altogether different from the capacities of their fellows, which made them independent of all churchly and other aids to a religious life, and they were, as possessors of the same spirit, brought into such a close spiritual fellowship with each other, that they could, while far distant, correspond with each other through alternate visions.

Of the private history of Nicolas we know very little, but it is evident that he travelled a great deal through Germany, propagating his opinions in a quiet, unostentatious manner. Gradually there grew up around him a society of Christians composed of men and women like-minded with himself, who loved and honoured him as their spiritual father. It does not seem that this society had any definite place of association, or that its members proposed to themselves any practical or political ends and aims. The bond of association was the personal character of Nicolas, and the members were all men and women of pious lives and characters, who, in a profligate and disastrous age, amidst the breaking up, as it seemed, of all mechanical aids to piety, were insensibly attracted towards Nicolas, and through him to each other. They called themselves "the Friends of God," to signify that they had reached that stage of the Christian life, when Christ, according to His promise, would call them "no longer servants but friends;" and they included in their number individuals who differed most widely in rank and circumstances. More than one monkish order had its representatives among the "Friends of God." Tauler, Suso, and Henry of Nordlingen, were Dominicans; Otto of Passau was a Franciscan; and there were numbers of laymen. Rulmann Merswin was a banker, Conrad of Brunsberg was Grand Mas-

ter of the Knights of St. John in Germany. There were women as well as men enrolled as members of the society—for example, the two Ebners, Margaretha and Christina, and Anne, Queen of Hungary.

In such an association as this, where all the members believed themselves possessed of supernatural illumination, and where the possession of such extraordinary faculties was held to be the test of the religious state, we naturally look for extravagant outbursts of enthusiasm; and that such outbursts did not occur is due to the firm rule of Nicolas. This remarkable man must have been gifted in no ordinary degree with the powers of rule and organization. He professed that all those admitted into his association were his equals in spiritual things, because they were taught by the same Spirit and enlightened by means of the same supernatural revelations; he protested against anything like spiritual authority assumed by one man over his fellows; and he rejected with scorn the claim of the clergy to be his guides in spiritual things, declaring that he and his followers were themselves taught by that Master who alone could teach the knowledge of God: but with all this he ruled over his followers and associates with a far firmer sway than did the pope over the Church. Theoretically, the "Friends of God" admitted that they were all spiritual equals, possessing the same spiritual gifts, but practically they obeyed those revelations which came to Nicolas, and in renouncing the authority of the Church, gave themselves over to the spiritual tyranny of an irresponsible individual. This was true more especially of the four intimate companions of Nicolas, who accompanied him wherever he went, and obeyed him with instant obedience in everything he commanded. To these four followers Nicolas "was a God," nothing was wrong which he commanded, nothing right that he prohibited.\* And although Nicolas did not as-

\* The veneration in which Nicolas was held by his followers forms the chief part of the indictment drawn up against them by the Church. Cf. the sentence against Martin of Mainz, where, out of fifteen heads of indictments, no less than five make special mention of Nicolas:—

5. Quod quidem laycus, nomine Nicolaus de Basilea, cui te funditus submisisti, clarius et perfectius evangelium quam aliquando apostoli aut beatus Paulus, hoc intellexerit.

8. Quod predictae Nicolao ex perfectione submissionis tibi facte potes, contra precepta cuiuscunque prelati, etiam pape, licite et sine peccato obedire.

9. Quod ex iussione eiusdem Nicolai nullo modo, etiam interficiendo hominem vel cognoscendo mulierem, posses peccare.

sert the same authority over all those who were members of his association, his personal power and influence was the only thing which kept his followers united, for after his death the association fell to pieces.

For a long time the "Friends of God" were allowed to pursue their course unchecked by the Church. They did not court attention, and the name they assumed was one which had often been used to denote earnest-minded individuals, who, within the Church, sought after a spiritual as opposed to a mechanical piety. But towards the end of his life, Nicolas seems to have cherished, and attempted to put into execution, certain ambitious plans of a Church reformation, and this aroused against him the wakeful jealousy of the clergy. After long eluding the vigilance of his persecutors, he was at last apprehended, and after trial, was burnt along with two of his friends. The associations which he had formed held together in a feeble way after his death, cherishing the memory of their founder, and regarding with peculiar veneration the religious biographies and other devotional writings\* which he left behind him; but the true influence of the man reappeared after his death, not in the vitality of the societies he formed, but in the religious lives and labours of one or two of his more distinguished followers.

Two of the followers of Nicolas must be specially noticed, as each of them presents us with a distinct type of the way in which the doctrines of that great mystic tended to develop themselves. The two great doctrines taught by Nicolas were, as we have seen, self-renunciation and private inspiration by way of visions and dreams, &c. The doctrine of self-renunciation, in the hands of Jan van Ruysbroeck, led him to abandon entirely all the duties of active life and betake

himself to passive and divine contemplation; while the doctrine of private inspiration made his followers justify all his deviations from the old Catholic doctrines as the direct results of the teaching of the Holy Ghost. The doctrine of self-renunciation, in the hands of Heinrich Seuss or Suso, led him to practice the most thorough-going and ingenious course of austerities in the hope of reaching a state of entire self-surrender by the triumph of the spirit over the flesh; and the doctrine of private inspiration led him to spend great part of his time in trances waiting for spiritual manifestations. With Jan van Ruysbroeck nearness to God was to be attained through calm contemplation, and the undisturbed repose of soul and body. His self-renunciation was the renunciation of all anxieties, endeavours, and business of any kind, sacred or secular. God according to him came near to man in the calm of thought. As God in motionless calm permits his thoughts slowly and placidly to evolve themselves in the worlds of nature and providence, so if his worshipper preserves the same calm, his thoughts will evolve themselves in harmony with the divine, and he will have fellowship with God. With Heinrich Seuss nearness to God was attained by overcoming whatever in us is ungodlike: by trampling beneath us and slaying outright all bodily sensual desires and promptings, so that the soul, free from all foreign and disturbing emotions, may rise at a bound, as it were, to that God to whom it is ever reaching forward to approach. According to Jan van Ruysbroeck, man in his present state, as a whole of body and soul like God, and the doctrine of Christian theology, which is continually before his mind, is the doctrine of the *Incarnation*, whose whole purpose, it seems to him, is to teach this similarity of nature, and as a consequence man's power to imitate God; while, according to Heinrich Seuss, man is like God, because he as a spirit can rise above all fleshly desires and longings; and his favourite doctrine of Christian theology is the *Passion of Christ*, in which he sees the revelation of the way in which man, if he only imitates Christ, can bring himself into fellowship with God. But in order to show these two types of mysticism as they appeared in the lives of men, we must describe more particularly the characters and teaching of these two distinguished mystics.

10. Quod per talem dismissionem Nicolao perfecte sine formis et ymaginibus factam, fuisti liberatus ab obedientia ecclesie, intrans statum prime innocentie.

11. Quod melius esset tibi ut in fornicationem caderes et resurgens in tali submissione maneres, quam quod ab obedientia eiusdem Nicolai recederes, et sine peccate remaneres.

\* The principal writings of Nicolas of Basle are: "Buch von den zwei Männer" (who these two men were we do not know); "Die Bekehrung Tauler's"; "Buch von den fünf Männer" (a religious biography of Nicolas and his four companions); "Von der Bekehrung eines Deutsch-Ordens-Ritter," "Von zwei Kloster-Frauen in Bayern," and "Von zwei Clauerinnen, Ursula und Adelheit," the memoir of two nuns in Brabant. This last is said to have been a translation from the "Welsch" or Old Walloon dialect, not an original work.

Jan van Ruysbroeck,\* or more properly Ruusbroec, was born in 1293 in a small village of that name not far from Brussels. While quite a boy he showed a strong inclination for a religious life, and when eleven years of age was sent to the convent of the Augustinian monks in Brussels. At the age of fourteen he began to study theology, but was a very mediocre student. His acquaintance with theology was never very extensive at any period of his life—the writings of the pseudo-Dionysius, St. Augustine, and one or two others of the Fathers contented him—and he never knew enough Latin to compose in that language. When twenty-four years of age he was ordained priest, and became curate of the Church of St. Gudule, in Brussels, where he acquired a great reputation for unostentatious piety. He got some fame, too, beyond the confines of his parish and neighbourhood, by successfully meeting and confuting a female preacher of the sect of the Brethren of the Free Spirit, who had made many converts by her persuasive tongue, and had silenced not a few opponents by her ready wit; and he might have risen to some eminence in the Church had he so inclined. But his solid Flemish nature inclined him to

remain in his humble sphere, and content himself with a life of quiet work. How he became acquainted with Tauler and Nicolas of Basle, is not known—some assert that Tauler visited Brussels in one of his many journeys—but he soon became a man of note among the "Friends of God," and was recognized as one of their spiritual guides. He was not a man of much speculative ability, and he had next to no erudition; but the intensity and power of his Christian mystical spirit gave to this quiet old Flemish curate a wonderful personal influence over all who came in contact with him. His book on "The Adornment for the Spiritual Nuptials" was written to serve as a manual of devotion among the "Friends of God," and describes the cause of self-renunciation through the three stages of the life active, the life intimate, and the life contemplative. When sixty years of age he conceived that he had made sufficient advance in spiritual progress to be ready for the life contemplative, and he resigned his curacy to retire to a monastery of the Regular Canons at Groendal, of which he was first prior. In this monastery he passed the remaining portion of his long life, spending his days in what seemed to him the only truly noble and divine task permitted to man, quiet contemplation. He found time however to gather about him a band of earnest preachers whom he sent forth to speak to the people, and he induced numbers of well-born and highly educated men and women to betake themselves to the monastic life, and set his face calmly but steadfastly against the vices of the clergy and of the laity. He died in 1387, at the age of ninety-four, and was buried in the garden of his convent.

Ruusbroec was neither a theologian nor a philosopher, and most of his theology and speculation he borrowed from Eckhart and Nicolas; yet everywhere throughout his writings he keeps his individuality, and shows that he has not merely appropriated but assimilated to his own quiet, deep nature the doctrines and opinions he teaches. His writings are all devotional, and are never technical nor even systematic; but they are full of rich quaint figures and wonderful symbols and emblems, making one think of an illiterate George Herbert. His style is rough and uncouth, but it has a quiet strength of its own, and reflects very well the rugged living heart in the man. His principal contribution to mys-

\* Theologians are indebted to the "Maetschappij der Vlaemische Bibliophilen" for a complete and accurate edition of the works of Ruusbroec, very carefully edited with a glossary of the obsolete and antiquated words and phrases. This edition contains: "Die Sierheit der gheestliker Brulof," "Van den bliicken den Steen" (a sermon upon Rev. vii. 17, and sometimes ascribed to Tauler; it is to be found in Spener's Edition of Tauler's Works, p. 142, &c.) "Dat Boec van den vier Becoringen," "Die Spiegel der ewigher Salicheit," "Dat Boec van vii. Trappen inden Graet der gheestliker Minnen," "Dat Boec van seven Sloten," "Dat Boec van den Rike der Gheleven," "Dat Boec van der twaelf Dogheden van den Kersten Gheleven," "Dat Boec van den gheesteliken Tabernacule" (perhaps the most important of his works). The first four of these writings are published separately by A. v. Arnswaldt, under the title "Vier Schriften von Johann Ruusbroec in niederdeutsche Sprache," with a preface by Dr. Ullmann. Surius, who translated into Latin the devotional writings of Henry Suso, has also published a Latin translation of the works of Ruusbroec, but this edition is not trustworthy, for in order to make his author an orthodox Catholic, the translator has altered several passages containing Ruusbroec's more peculiar doctrines, which he believes to be objectionable. The student will also find an admirable summary and criticism of Ruusbroec's mysticism in the "Epistola Gersoni, super 3a parte libri J. R. de ornatu Spir. Nuptiarum," in which Gerson accuses him of holding pantheistic tenets not unlike those held by the Beghards, and for which Amaury de Bene had been condemned by the University of Paris. A disciple of Ruusbroec's, Johannes de Schenkhavia, wrote a defence of his master, and this, along with Gerson's reply, are to be found in Dupin's edition of Gerson's Works, Tom. I., Pt. I., pp. 59ff. The best summary of Ruusbroec's life and opinions is to be found in Dr. Carl Schmidt's "Etudes sur le Mysticisme Allemand au XIVe. Siècle," in the "Mémoires de l'Académie royale des Sciences, morales et politiques." Savants Étrangers, Paris, 1847.



tical theology was his division of the work of self-renunciation into three stages, and his idea that the last and highest stage, the life of pure contemplation, was the perfection of this work. According to Ruusbroec, the *life active*, or the first stage in the work of self-renunciation, consists in the approach to God by external means. To this life belong penitential exercises, the practice of good works, and obedience to the laws and ordinances of the Church. At this stage a rigorous asceticism is recommended, and the chief and characteristic virtue is Christian humility. The *life intimate*, or second stage, is reached when the external aids to piety are no longer so necessary, and there is within the soul an eternal aspiration towards God, which is reciprocal with God's love going out to man. In this stage the soul is illumined by God's grace, and is enabled to free itself from all spiritual and bodily affections which would obscure the image of God. The *life contemplative*, or third stage, which he called the *vita vitalis*, is reached when our lives are hid with Christ in God. The life of God envelops us, is above us, about us, and yet all throughout us in a way that we know not. The soul is free from all excitement, free even from the rush of aspiration towards God, for it rests on God's love, and its whole exercise consists in thus resting on God; united to God the soul has calm and eternal fruition of Him; and above and beyond all there is something in this life of divine contemplation which is ineffable, and can never be described. Like Eckhart, Ruusbroec thought that the mystical vision of God, which was vouchsafed in the life contemplative, was not given in any dream or emotional mood—excitement of the emotions belonged to the first and lowest stage of the spiritual life—but belonged to the highest faculty of the soul, to the *scintilla* or spark of the Divine presence, which is the inmost nature of the soul; but he went beyond Eckhart in his description of the likeness of man to God. His healthy Flemish nature was not troubled with any ideas of the sinfulness of the body as opposed to the soul, and so he did not need to busy himself with trying to overcome the strength of the body by elaborate maceration. He sought to contemplate God with his whole being, body, soul, and spirit; and he could not think that that human flesh which Christ hallowed when He became God Incarnate, had first to be got rid of

ere man could live a spiritual life. Thus Ruusbroec was led to meditate much upon the doctrine of the Incarnation. It never assumed the place in his system which it did in the old Catholic or in Reformation theology, for Ruusbroec did not set much store by any doctrine of atonement; but still the Incarnation was a central point in his theology, for it enabled him, he thought, to see how thoroughly man could assimilate himself to the divine nature, since it taught how thoroughly God could take to Himself a human nature. If the highest duty of man is the imitation of God—and this is always the main idea in the theology of the mystics—then the Incarnation of God makes it possible for the whole man to join in this imitation. So much for the Flemish type of mysticism. We must now pass to the South-German type.

Heinrich Suso, or Seuss,\* was, from his early training, and character, a theologian, quite different from Ruusbroec. His father was a rude German knight, fond of martial exercises of all kinds, and delighting in the tourney; his mother was one of those saintly contemplative women so often met with in old German biography. As a boy Heinrich was devoted to his mother; and hers seems to have been the ruling influence in his life. From her he inherited his youthful pious longings, his uniform gentleness, and a certain high-minded delicacy of character, which in after life insensibly charmed those pious ladies with whom he came in contact. In his thirteenth year his parents allowed him to enter the Dominican convent in Constance; from which he was sent by his superior to Köln, to study theology in the famous school there. There he studied Aristotle and Thomas of Aquin, but soon began to give his whole attention to the mystical theologians. When he was eighteen years of age his mother died, and when

\* The principal works of Suso are:—"Das Leben Heinrich Seuss's von ihm selbst erzählt," which has been translated into several languages (the English translation stands at the head of this article), and is still extensively read as a devotional book by Roman Catholics; "Büchlein von der Ewigen Weisheit," "Predigten;" "Preces horarie;" "Officium Misere de aeterna sapientia." The "Büchlein von den neun Felsen," commonly attributed to him, and usually found in editions of his collected works, was really written by Rulmann Merswin. The best Latin edition of his works is that of Surius. Jahn's "Lese-früchte Altteutscher Theologie," contains a selection of the more important passages from the writings of Suso translated into modern German, and accompanied with valuable notes, comparing his doctrines with those of Plato, Plotinus, and Novalis. The best German edition of Suso's works is Diepenbroch's, to which is prefixed a valuable dissertation on mysticism by J. Görres.



the news reached him he again solemnly devoted himself to the service of God, and resolved to call himself by his mother's name of Seuss, Latinized into Suso. Shortly after his mother's death Eckhart came to Köln, and the young Dominican student began to attend the preaching of the famous vicar-general of his order. He soon became an enthusiastic disciple, and eagerly defended his master from the charge of heresy, which began at that time to be levelled against him. When his studies at Köln were ended, he returned to his convent at Constance; and although often absent on preaching journeys, continued to be one of its inmates until his death. The pious and highly strung nature of Suso soon found outlet in many and wonderful visions, which he records in his biography. In one of these visions it was revealed to him that his heavenly name was Aman-dus; and he carefully recorded the fact in his biography, although while alive he kept it a secret from all men. In one of his preaching tours he visited Strasburg, where he met Tauler, and was probably introduced by him to Nicolas of Basle, and his other spiritual companions; at all events, he soon after became one of the followers of Nicolas, and a member of the society of the "Friends of God," and was held in great esteem by them. Christina Ebner, in one of her visions, saw his name written on the blue vault of heaven side by side with Tauler's, and Henry of Nordlingen esteemed him as one of the holiest of men. Heinrich Seuss was not a man like Tauler, to rush into the great battle of life; in the contest between the people and the Church he took the side of the pope, and preferred a quiet conventual life to the bustle of practical work in perilous times; and yet his enthusiastic nature could not find its outlet in that calm contemplation which had seemed the highest blessedness to Jan van Ruusbroec. Seuss longed to *know* God, to behold Him as He is, to have living fellowship with Him. Solomon's conception of eternal wisdom entranced him, he longed to make such wisdom his own, and devoted himself to the attempt to reach it. In his convent he had a small chapel, constructed for his especial use, on the walls of which he painted symbolic representations of the Eternal Wisdom, and around them mystic sentences appropriate to the symbols. There he sat waiting for the inspiration which prompted him while he com-

posed his "Book on the Eternal Wisdom."

In the way in which Seuss determined to seek this wisdom we recognize the workings of a nature which combined much of the character of both his father and his mother. The power and nobility of suffering had always a great attraction for him; this he doubtless inherited from the gentle and high-minded German lady, his mother; while his fixed resolve to fight his way through suffering to the goal he had set before him shows the indomitable resolution of his soldier-father. Like Ruusbroec and other mystics, Seuss thought that the highest religious work was to imitate Christ, and the one Christian duty was to endeavour after a perfect imitation; by imitating Christ men gradually approach nearer God; and when the imitation is perfect they lose themselves with Christ in God. If man is an earthly creature, he thought, born and reared in time, pent within a dull body, and enchained by all manner of sensual lusts, he is nevertheless a spiritual nature, able to be the mirror in which God may reflect Himself. There is within this body, and beneath those sense-affections, a *scintilla*, or *fünklein*, or spark of God's presence; and man only fulfils his true destiny when he follows that light on until he gets back to the source from which he emanated, and returns to God, who is his home. But how was this journey to be accomplished? Not, Seuss thought, by the way of clear thinking, or calm contemplation; we must follow the path Christ took, and where he trod there set our steps. For, according to him Christ's Incarnation and life on earth was in a higher and holier form the very same process as man's birth into this material universe; just as man came, a spark of the divine nature, out from the divine presence into this world of bodily change and decay, so came Christ, the brightness of the glory of the Father, to take to Himself man's nature, and live man's life; and in the way in which Christ returned to the Father men may return. But our Lord returned back again to Divinity by one clearly marked road, by the path of His Passion; and we must imitate Him in His Passion, if we are to follow in His footsteps. It is by bodily suffering then, according to Seuss, that we are to imitate Christ; suffering prolonged until the body has no longer power to clog the soul, and the sensible no longer enthralls

the spiritual. In this way, just as Ruusbroec made Christ's Incarnation the centre of his mystical theology, the more ardent and enthusiastic Seuss makes Christ's Passion the great doctrine in theology. In this spiritual life of imitation of Christ Seuss distinguishes three stages:—(1) *purgation*, wherein all creature desires are banished; (2) *illumination*, in which the soul is filled with heavenly desires; and (3) *perfection*, wherein the superior faculties of the soul being united to God, the soul rests on God, full of sublime contentment, satisfied with sublime love, and full of visions of divine things. In each of these stages the body may at any time rise in revolt against the soul and its spiritual endeavours; and so it must ever be crushed by constant mortifications and penances; and Seuss, as he tells us in his biography, was singularly skilful in inventing ways by which to torture and macerate himself. Thus, according to Seuss, the ideal religious life is attained when the body is thoroughly subdued, and the soul is able to reach towards God without let or hindrance, and in mystic trances, day-dreams, and visions of the night hold intimate intercourse with the Father of Spirits.

Such were the opinions of the great representatives of mysticism in the fourteenth century,\* and it only remains to summarize them, and compare them with the doctrines of the Reformation theology. To put the matter shortly, what the mystics brought into mediæval theology, apart from their merely Neo-Platonic theosophy, may be summed up under these heads:—

1st. An intense individualism, which made them look at all things from the standpoint of the individual soul, and prevented them from obtaining any glimpse of an organic religious life, whether in the form of a mechanical ecclesiasticism, as in the old Catholic theology, or in that of a community inspired by the Spirit and in possession of the external means of grace, the Word, sacraments, and prayer, as in the Reformation theology, or even in that wider and vaguer sense of a "fellowship of sentiment which creates a unity amongst all educated men throughout Christendom"

—the "Church which has no name," of Prévost-Paradol, Dean Stanley, and Dr. Rauwenhoff.\*

2nd. An over-strained spiritualism which compelled them to look on all events in history and human life as parables, and which when it came in contact with the Scriptures exhausted itself in a meaningless allegorizing.

3rd. The rejection of a doctrine of the atonement for a theory of *self-renunciation*, or rather of the renunciation of all difficulties and impediments to the absorption of the soul back again into God. The great business of man, they taught, was to renounce self, and the one great advantage which Christianity possessed over all other religions was that it alone in the person of Christ furnished man with a model of self-renunciation; for it must always be remembered that the mystical idea of an *imitatio Christi* is only another way of expressing their theory of self-renunciation. This doctrine assumed a twofold form, inasmuch as—(1) Some held that self-renunciation is perfect when the soul attains to a state of calm contemplation, and when the reason is purified from all sensible and other hindrances. This may be called the rationalistic mysticism. In its theory of an *imitatio Christi*, Christ is the ideal man, who can be imitated because He is man, and its central doctrine is the dogma of the Incarnation. (2) Some held that self-renunciation is perfect when the soul attains to a state of enthusiastic vision, and when it has triumphed over the body, which has been reduced to a nullity by emaciation and maceration. This may be called the enthusiastic mysticism. In its theory of an *imitatio Christi*, Christ is the ideal sufferer, who can be imitated because He brought His body into subjection, and its central doctrine is the dogma of the Passion.

4th. The doctrine of private inspiration, which means, not that the Holy Spirit coming from without into the soul of the individual believer fills it with the presence of God, and so enables him, as it enables all other believers, to know the things of God, but rather that there is within each man a spark of the divine presence which, if not hindered by the blinding influences of sense, will reveal to the individual believer in its own way

\* I have not thought it necessary to give any account of the "Deutsche Theologie," because it really summarizes and presents in a systematic form the results of the fourteenth century mysticism, and it does not contain further developments of any of the doctrines which more immediately belong to the subject of investigation.

\* This conception of the nature of the Church has been most fully elaborated by the Leyden School of Theologians. Cf., among other articles, "Theologisch Tijdschrift" for Nov., 1872, Art. I. De Kerk van Schotland.

what is divinely true, and will interpret for him in the way most suitable to his circumstances and needs the spiritual meaning of things.

5th. Lastly, a total neglect of the *historical* element in religion, in revelation, in theology, and even in human life. This last element in mysticism is perhaps only the negative side of the one first mentioned, for an intense individualism implies a neglect of, and contempt for, that intermingling association and continuity of individual interests and aims which make up the organic whole of history; but it is of such importance as to deserve special mention.

It is not difficult to show that many circumstances in the historical position of mystics led them to adopt these doctrines, but this explanation only removes them further from any relation to the Reformation. It may be shown, I think, that mysticism has always its birth in a time of disorder and contest, and more especially in a time when there is a violent conflict between the civil and ecclesiastical powers. This was the case as we have just seen in a preëminent manner with the mysticism of the fourteenth century. It arose and ran its full course during the stormiest period of mediæval history. The great strife between the Holy Roman Empire and the Holy Catholic Church, which had been going on for long, had reached its height in the contest between Lewis of Bavaria and Pope John XXII. and his successors, Benedict XII. and Clement VI. The twin powers in Europe which had so long grown together mutually supporting and protecting each other, the representatives of civil government and religious authority, the embodiments of material and spiritual order and well-being, were now divorced from each other, engaged in a deadly conflict which could only end in the destruction of one or both. Earnest, pious, and right-minded men were often fain to turn their eyes away from the weltering nightmare of external history. The Holy Roman Empire, to which they looked to maintain peace and order in Europe, had become scarcely more than a name, and every election of an emperor was the signal for the renewal of the most deadly disorder. The Holy Catholic Church, once the symbol of all that was holy and of good report, the avowed peacemaker, the defender of the oppressed, the denouncer of wrong-doing, the symbol of the triumph of right over might, and the realization of moral force and

spiritual power stronger than mere brute strength, had now become a temporal power, which directed the movements of armies and threatened the liberties of nations. The empire had lost its power to rule, the Church had lost its spiritual character; and European history to the eyes of contemporaries must have been like a horrible vision of dreadful unrealities. To what were earnest-minded spiritual men to turn their eyes? It required greater penetration than those mystics possessed to separate the true course of the development of Church and State from the confused turmoil on the surface of history, and to discern in the present chaos of misrule the convulsive throes ushering in a new national and a new ecclesiastical life. It is true that in the beginning of the fourteenth century the new national life of Europe was appearing, and that the Holy Roman Empire was already being supplanted by a confederation of nations; but those mystics lived too soon to see the full meaning of all this. They could scarcely appreciate the new political order which was beginning to emerge, still less could they take the birth of this new national life as a prophecy of the incoming of a new life for the Church. They could not see that when the incubus of a central power, whose action was purely mechanical and destructive to living national strength, was removed, a new orderly national life which was now struggling into existence would speedily show itself in all its strength; still less could they see in the birth of European nations the prophecy of the birth of national Churches and a new churchly life. They lived too soon for this; they were between the darkness and the day, and the shadows were still upon them. What they saw was the decay of all external force whether in State or Church. What could they do, but shut their eyes on all outside things, like the old stoics, and seek within themselves, within the empire of their own souls, for that consolation they sorely needed. Hence came their intense individualism, and hence their despol of organic Christianity in any form, and their contempt for any external means to holiness. They felt themselves alone in the world, and they set themselves to make the best of their solitude. If every external basis and support for government and religion has given way, they said, we have, at least, ourselves left us; within the circle of our own thoughts we have enough to content us; there, if we only seek it, we can find order and peace,

and holy quiet. The very causes which compelled the stoic to betake himself to his ideal of a wise man, who is self-sufficient within himself, and to turn his back upon a universe where disorder reigned, begat the individualism of the mystic, and thus the paradoxes of the stoic and the allegorizing tendencies of the mystic spring from the same source. I need hardly say, that this comparison between the mystics and the stoics, refers to one point only in the doctrines of each — the individualism which made them turn from external fact to inward idea. On all other points save this no comparison is possible. For there is pervading the whole of the mystical theology an intense and devout spirituality, which marks it off from any pagan philosophy, however refined. "There is nothing," as Dorner says, "more characteristic of mysticism than that it will not stop short at the means, but seeks communion with God Himself — contact of the soul with Him. The sensible tangibility of divine ordinances does not satisfy it; it seeks the spiritual certainty of God, its salvation, through the present living God, not merely through past actions which may have become mere symbols of His presence; it seeks that the soul may, above all, rejoice in its God." But the point here insisted on is, that the same circumstances which made the stoics betake themselves to an ideal life, instead of actively helping to make real life better than it was, led the mystics to seek this near and intimate fellowship with God by one particular way — by despising all external aid as mechanical, and, therefore, unspiritual, and seeking that help alone which was to be found within their own individual souls.

Nowhere is this seen better than in the way, to select one instance, in which the mystics treat what must ever be the central idea of every theology — the idea of atonement. They rejected the old Catholic theory as too mechanical and external, but they could not conceive of any theory which, while it was spiritual, was yet external and objective, and so they did not attempt to frame any such theory; their idea of atonement could have no basis outside the individual soul, whether of historical fact or external ordinance. And so, in their hands, the theory of atonement became a doctrine of self-renunciation, or a statement of the means by which all the impediments lying between the inmost core of the human soul, and God, its Maker, may be removed. No

doubt the mystics aimed at a nearness to God; no doubt they felt that the one supreme moment in each one's life was that in which all else fading behind it, the man is conscious of two things only, God the Almighty, and himself in His presence; but the passage of the soul to such a standing, and its action when there, are not described in the same way by the mystic and by the Reformation theologian. The mystic, keeping within the circle of the soul, shows how the perturbing and distracting and blinding affections of sense may be removed until the inmost essence of the soul, the *scintilla*, or spark of the divine presence, is face to face with the brightness from whence it emanated; the Reformation theologian, going beyond man and his helplessness in things spiritual, describes the awakening, enlightening, and guiding influence of the Holy Spirit. The mystic, keeping within the circle of the soul, shows how the *scintilla*, or spark of the divine presence within man, when once brought face to face with God, who is its home, seeks to lose itself again in that brightness by renouncing all individuality, as the wave does when it sinks to the surface of the ocean; the Reformation theologian again going beyond man, describes how man, brought into the presence of God, seeks to have fellowship with Him by renouncing all merit of his own, in order to rest on the merit of the Christ of this God in whose presence he is; or, as Ritschl says, "The problem of the mystic is how to get rid of his individuality, as created, in order to attain union with God and absorption into His Being. And this is quite distinct from the Reformation problem how to remove one's own merit, in order to gain by confidence in Christ's merit a standing before God and peace of conscience, in spite of the sense of sin." The religious task of the mystic is based upon a comparison, not between sinner and lawgiver, but between creature and Creator, and designs to do away with the distance which the fact of creation establishes between the two; and the whole means for the accomplishment of this task are to be found within the circle of man's being, and need not be sought for in external ordinance or event of history.\*

\* It may be objected to this that many of the mystics set great store by the sacraments, and especially the sacrament of the Supper; and that in the doctrine of the sacraments and the benefits flowing from them there is a recognition of a doctrine of the atonement, which presupposes the historical death of Christ, the necessity of an objective ordinance, and of an external



It is not difficult to see how an individualist theology of this kind tended to destroy the old Catholic Church; its one tendency, as regards that Church, was to disintegrate it and break it up into a mass of isolated individual worshippers, without organic coherence of any kind. But it is very difficult to understand how men like Dorner and Ullmann can see in mysticism a positive element of preparation for the Reformation; and I am persuaded, if Luther had never asserted, with all the strength of utterance for which he is famous, that, next to the Bible and St. Augustine, he was indebted for most of what he knew about "God, Christ, man, and all things," to that "noble little book," the "*Deutsche Theologie*," we should not have heard so much about the intimate relation subsisting between the mediæval mystics and the Reformation theology. Luther, undoubtedly and deservedly, held the "*Deutsche Theologie*" in high estimation. He caused the book to be republished, giving it a new title, and introduced it with a characteristic preface; but it is impossible to attach any scientific accuracy to Luther's statement of the effect of this book upon him. No one asserts that Occam, Gabriel Biel, or Peter d'Ailly were reformers before the Reformation, or that their theology contained in embryo the Reformation doctrine; and yet, though the fact has been too often overlooked, Luther was never weary of praising Occam, and called him constantly "mein lieber Meister," while he so highly esteemed the writings of Biel and d'Ailly, that his biographers assure us he had by heart the whole of the bulky volumes which contain them. Luther's statement was just what a great-hearted grateful man, like Luther, would say about any book or man who had taught him a great deal and done him good. And Dorner has fallen into the grave misapprehension of taking Luther's declaration as a careful historical account of the genesis of his opinions. He seems to have considered it to have been a *fact* that Luther's theology, and, therefore, the theology of the Reformation, had its source in the "*Deutsche Theologie*," and in mediæval mysticism, and that all that remained for him, or any critic, was to

explain or account for the fact. In our opinion it will be very difficult indeed to show any very thorough-going connection between two tendencies so unlike. The leaders of the Reformation certainly sought to do away with much of the externality and mechanical routine of ceremony which the old Catholic Church placed between the worshipper and God, and they longed for a near approach to God Himself, as much as did the theologians of the mystical school; but they tried to get rid of the mechanical, and, at the same time, preserve the objective or historical in worship and theology. The main conception with the Reformation theologians was not individualist; they had ever in view a Church—a community of believers—not single, solitary worshippers. The principle of the Reformers was not the right of *private* judgment, but the *responsibility* of private judgment, a social and not an individual idea. They aimed at the reformation, not the disintegration, of the Church. Their idea was, that the organic undying Church of God had for a period been enslaved by an anti-Christian hierarchy, who had usurped the name and functions which belonged to the whole body of the people of God, who, taught and inspired by the Spirit of God, were in possession of the Word and sacraments. The duty of every earnest Christian, they held, was to get rid of this *incubus*, which preyed on and concealed under its hideous shade the true historical church of God, and help to bring it back to its old form and standing, as the Jewish nation was brought back from the captivity in Babylon; for this is the idea expressed in the title of Luther's great polemical tract—"The Babylonish Captivity of the Church of God."

The fundamental idea of Reformation theology was not the intense individualism of the mystics, but a faith as intense in the community of the faithful, an earnest belief in the common life of believers in the Spirit of God, and in a commonwealth of believers which was so true and real and abiding that it did not need that outward mechanism which formed the organic structure of the old Catholic Church. If the external and mechanical ecclesiasticism of the Church, and its seemingly hopeless break-down, caused the mystics to despair of a commonwealth of believers, and betake themselves to a despairing individualism, it forced the Reformation theologians to penetrate beneath the surface of events,

ecclesiastical organization; but, in point of fact, very little stress can be laid upon what the mystics say about the sacraments. Their utterances on this point are generally vague and often contradictory, and the most common opinion seems to have been that the sacraments were eminently useful only while men lived the external or imperfect Christian life.



and discern under the changing, tossing surface stream, the steady, strong and silent rush of the great tide beneath, and so led them to exchange a mechanical for a spiritual, yet no less real and objective, Catholicity. The one aim of Reformation theology was to preserve the communal or churchly life of the believer, and yet do away with that external and mechanical structure which had proved such a hindrance to spiritual well-being. It does not belong to my present purpose to show how this idea of a spiritual and yet real objectivity pervaded the whole of the Reformation theology, and how it led its theologians to their ideas of the historical character of revelation, of the plan of redemption, and of the corporate life of the Church; how it led to a scientific interpretation of Scripture, as historical, to a spiritual but objective theory of justification, and to the scientific study of Church history. Still less is it my purpose to discuss how far the actual doctrines of that theology succeeded or failed in embodying their fundamental ideas. My intention has only been to point out the irreconcilable and fundamental difference between the theology of the mystics and the theology of the Reformation.

Mysticism, with its hopelessness of all organic life and its weak impulse to solitary individualism, is at best, even with all its excellencies, a theology of despair; the past is all disappointment, and, as for the future, it has none. The theology of the Reformation, with its hopeful recognition of a common organic life of the faithful deep down beneath the surface disintegration, and its strong impulse to historical theology and a new Church life, was, with all its faults, a theology of hope; the past was full of encouragement, even at its darkest periods, and the future was its own.

Mysticism can never yield more than it expects to gain. Every mystic, in theory at least (for most of the mystics were nobler in their lives than in their doctrines), lived in himself for himself; and all that others can gain from mysticism is the quickening of the individual heart, and the strengthening of the individual resolve, and the soothing of the individual sorrow. It can never lead to a great awakening of the common religious life, and can never lay the foundations of a permanent impulse in theology. It has reappeared again and again in all the various branches of the Christian Church, always concealing in the first rush of its

strength the same fundamental weaknesses, and always carrying within it the same seeds of failure and decay. Mysticism has never been a *permanent* influence within the Church of Christ, and never can be. Its contempt for the historical brings with it its own punishment. They who know not the divine meaning of history can never make history, whether of nations or creeds; and each new sect of mystics perishes, it may be much regretted, but little missed, by the age in which it has suddenly bloomed, come to fruition, and died.

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From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE STORY OF VALENTINE; AND HIS BROTHER.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

VALENTINE, poor boy, was in his room dressing for dinner, fearing and knowing nothing of all that was happening, when Violet made that hapless visit to throw herself on Lady Eskside's mercy. He was whistling softly before his glass, tying his necktie and chafing at the thought that to-morrow must again be a blank day on which he could not see her — and that only after the election could everything be settled. He was uneasy and restless, he did not know why, with a sensation of something in the air which he did not understand, but which made him by moments vaguely unhappy. When he began to dress he had seen from his window, or thought he saw, old Jean Moffatt, with a huge umbrella, standing at the corner of the path which led into the woods, and had sent down his man in great eagerness to ask if any note had come for him, thinking the old woman might have been Love's messenger for lack of a better. But there was no note, and Val consoled himself, in that delicious sense of the poetic elevation of being in love which is so sweet to girls and boys, with thinking that his Violet was so much the centre of his thoughts as to throw her sweet shadow upon everything. Few people fully estimate the happiness of a young lover even when separated from the beloved object, in being able to make such delightful reflections. Val dressed and came down stairs all unconscious of what it was which had made the rain beat in upon the carpet in the drawing-room. "Why, you must have had the windows open! What an idea in such a night — with the

wind due west!" he said. But even Mary, though she gave him a warning look which he could not understand, said nothing to him; and dinner passed off as usual, though somehow more quietly. Lord Eskside was tired — worn out with his long day's work. "And I am tired too," said my lady; "it is the weather, I suppose. I think we should all go early to bed, to be fresh for to-morrow." When the gentlemen were left alone, the old lord called Val to him. "We will take our wine in the library; I have a great deal to say to you, my boy," he said, leading the way into his own particular retirement. And then the worst moment of Val's life came to him unawares. He felt already that there was something to be revealed, from the moment they entered the room in which he had always received his admonitions when a child, and which was associated to him — but up to this time how lightly! — with all the clouds and shadows of his early life.

"Sit down here, Val," said the old lord. "You must pluck up a heart, for there's something unpleasant coming. Not of any consequence, or that can affect you seriously — but very unpleasant. Val, in every election there's things of this kind," he continued, slowly unfolding a paper. "I've seen a great deal worse. I've seen ill deeds, that a man had forgotten for twenty or thirty years, raked up to bring shame on his grey hairs. Thank God, there's nothing of that kind possible with you! But it's unpleasant enough, unpleasant enough."

"For heaven's sake, sir, tell me what it is at once! Don't keep me in this suspense."

"Val," said the old lord, almost sternly, "no passion, sir! none of your outbursts! I'll almost think it's true, and that you're not of my race, if you cannot set your teeth and bear it like a man."

After this adjuration, which was very necessary, I think Val would have let himself be torn to pieces sooner than "give way." He read the paper in the dim library, lighted only round the table at which they sat, the wall all dark with books, the dark curtains drawn over the windows, the fire without a glimmer in it. Lord Eskside sat watching the lad from under his shaggy eyebrows. So far as he was himself concerned, the old lord had worn out all capacity of feeling in the work he had gone through that day. He had revealed to his friends, in full

detail, what he considered as the shame of his family, and had done it like a stoic, without showing any emotion; but now he watched Val, tender as a mother over her baby, following the boy's eyes from line to line, his starts of indignation and pain, the furious colour that came over his face, the quick-drawn panting breath which showed the immense constraint he put on himself. Lord Eskside put out his hand once or twice, and laid it on Val's arm with an instinctive caress, which from him was more than an embrace would have been from another. Val took a long time to read it, for the struggle was hard; not that the sense of it did not flash into his mind almost in a moment, with all those curious sensations of familiarity — as if it had happened before, or as if we had known and expected it all our lives — which so often attend a great event. When he laid it down at last, he turned to his grandfather, his face partially distorted by that strange dilation of suppressed pain which seems to change every line of the countenance. "This, then, I suppose, was what my father meant," he said.

"Your father! What did he say? Did he warn you? Val, I would not be hard upon your father, but we are reaping the whirlwind, you and me, for the wind he has sown."

"He told me that all a man's antecedents, all the secrets of his life, were raked up. He should have said, the secrets of other people's lives," said Val, with a short and bitter laugh. Then he added, dropping his voice, "I suppose it is all true."

"All true to the facts, that is the devilishness of it. Val, can your recollection carry you further back than your coming here?"

Val shook his head. A deep, hot, crimson flush covered his face. How could he put into shape the vague reminiscences as of a dream — of childish wanderings, sports, and troubles? He recollected nothing that could be put into words, and yet something like the confused images of a dream.

"Is she living still — my mother?" he said, in a very low voice.

"For all we know," said Lord Eskside. "If she was dead, I think we must have heard somehow. I have often thought you ought to be told, Val. God knows, many a hard hour's thinking it's given me. You had a brother, too. Probably

he is dead long ago; for children die, I hear, like sheep, with all the exposure of that wild life."

Val shuddered in spite of himself. His brother had faded away altogether out of his recollection, and he felt but little interest in the suggestion of him. No doubt he must be dead long ago. Val could not realize himself in such a relationship. It was impossible. He escaped from the thought of it. The thought of a mother, and such a mother, was sufficiently bewildering and painful.

"But there is time enough for considering this part of the subject," said the old lord. "In the mean time, Val, I've been at Castleton, working hard all day. I have seen almost everybody it was important to see."

"Why did you not take me with you? If I had but known——"

"It was better you should not know. I did better without you. They all know the true state of the case now—and you are prepared to meet them. And, Val, I may say to you, which is of more importance than saying it to them—that though that devilish paper is true enough, I am as sure you are my son Richard's son, as if you had never left my sight since the day you were born."

Val looked at him with hasty surprise. The tears came in a rush to the young man's eyes. "Do you need to tell me this, grandfather?" he cried piteously, and covered his face with his hands. All that he had read had not made his position real to him, like those words from the old man, whom he had so confidently laid claim to all his life.

"No, no, no! I was wrong—forgive me," cried the old lord. "But come, Val," he added quickly; "we must meet this difficulty with our best courage. We must not allow it to weigh us down. When you face the public to-morrow, there must be no sign either of depression or of passion. You must keep steady—as steady as you were before you knew a word of it—and confident as at the nomination; there must be no change. Can you trust yourself to meet your enemies so? It is the only way."

The lad put his hand into the old man's and grasped it, crushing the feeble fingers. "I will," he said, setting his teeth. This was almost all that was said between them. When they parted for the night, the old lord took him by the shoulders, shaking him, as he pretended. This gentle violence was the greatest demonstration of tenderness of

which, in his old-fashioned reserve, he was capable. "Go to your bed, my boy, and rest well before to-morrow's trial," he said.

All this time there had not been a word said about the author of the placard which, next morning as they drove into Castleton, was to be seen on every wall, in every village, near every house they passed. Valentine recognized, with a heightened colour, the first copy of it he saw, but said not a word, restraining himself, and turning his eyes away. In Castleton the whole town was placarded with it, and the streets brimming over with excitement. Wherever the carriage passed with its four horses, the groups which were gathered round, reading it, would stop, and pause, and turn to gaze at the handsome young fellow, the very flower of the county, who yet might not be Mr. Ross after all, but only some chance child—a vagrant of the street. Valentine did all that man could do to banish from his face every appearance of knowing what these looks meant, or of being affected by them; but how hard it is to do this with the certainty that everybody around you knows that you know! He made a brave stand; he smiled and bowed to the people he knew, and spoke here and there a cheerful word, restraining his sense of shame, his wounded pride, the horror in his mind, with a strong hand. But his young face had lost its glow of healthful colour, the circles of his eyes seemed somehow expanded, and his nostrils quivered and dilated like those of a high-bred horse at a moment of excitement. The effect upon his face was curious, giving it a certain elevation of meaning and power—but it was the power of nature at its utmost strain, so quivering with the tension that one pull tighter of the curb, one step further, might burst the bond altogether. The polling had already begun when they reached Castleton, but the voters in the Ross interest flagged—nobody could tell how. Mr. Seisin's name was above that of Val when the state of the poll was published. This, everybody said, told for nothing; for, as it was well known, Mr. Seisin had not the shadow of a chance. His supporters had been probably polled at once, to strike a bold key-note, and prove that there were still possibilities, even in Eskshire, for the Liberal party. It told for nothing, they all said to each other, surrounding Lord Eskside, who sat, somewhat grim and silent, in the committee-

room; but the men there assembled, though stanch as partisans could be, undeniably grew anxious as the moments went on. It was impossible there to ignore the attack, which had never been mentioned by any of his family to Valentine except on the previous night, when he was told of it solemnly. Here it was of course the chief subject of discussion; and though he took no part in the talk, he had to hear it referred to without flinching. "Depend upon it," said Sir John, "it's a sign of weakness; it is an expedient of despair. They know their cause is desperate, and they don't mind what they say." But reassuring as this was, a cold shiver of alarm began to run through the party. One man stole out after another to see what news there was, to send off messengers hither and thither. The country was stanch; — of that there could be no doubt. Nothing would induce the Eskside men to give their votes to Mr. Seisin; but their minds might have been so affected by this sudden assault, coming just at the critical moment when there was no time to contradict it, that, bewildered and uncertain, they might refrain from voting at all.

Twelve o'clock! The business of the election seemed to have come to a pause. One individual now and then came up to the polling-booths. Already a great yellow placard, "What has become of the Tory voters?" had flashed out upon the walls. A dramatic pause fell into the midst of the excitement. The people of Castleton looked on curiously, as if they had been at a play. Even the crowds in the streets slackened — almost disappeared. When Valentine walked up the High Street to speak to Lady Eskside, who sat trembling and pale at the window of the Duke's Head, looking on, he was taken no more notice of than on the most ordinary occasion. For one thing, a smart shower had come on, and the idlers had taken refuge under the porches of the houses, and at the shop-doors, where they gazed at him calmly, without a cheer, without a salutation. Lady Eskside, looking out of the window, watched all this with an aching heart. It seemed to her that all was over. She could not take her eyes from the impertinent placard opposite on the Liberal headquarters — "Seisin, 355; Ross, 289." The yellow ribbons seemed to flaunt at her; her very heart was sick; and the chillness of mental suffering crept over her old frame. "Oh, Val, my dear, I wish

this was over," she said, taking his hand between hers. "Never fear, grandma," he said, smiling at her dimly, as if from the midst of a dream. He scarcely knew what he said; and so far as he was conscious of the words, he did not believe them. The young man gave a glance across at the other window, but Violet was not there, which was a kind of vague consolation to him. He held the old lady's hand, and tried to smile and talk, and encourage her, without the least idea what he said.

At that moment the tide turned. The impatient little rattle of a small pony-carriage came up the long street, heard rattling over every particular stone all the way up, so great was the stillness of this strange moment of suspense. The pony-carriage drew up before the Duke's Head, and Dr. Rintoul, who lived in one of the new villas on Lord Eskside's feus, got out and walked towards the polling-booth. His daughter, who had driven him, stood up — a large woman, bigger than the pony she drove — with a wave of her whip, on which there streamed a blue ribbon. "Good morning, Lady Eskside," cried Miss Rintoul. "We are all Liberals, but we hate a mean advantage, and all blows in the dark. I've driven papa over to vote for Ross forever, against all sneaking enemies!" Miss Rintoul was not afraid of the sound of her own voice — she had outlived all such weaknesses. She said out what she had to say roundly, seeing no reason to be ashamed of it, standing up as on a platform, and waving her whip with the blue ribbon. Her vigorous voice caught the capricious ear of the crowd; for just at that moment the shower had stopped, the sun shone out, and the bystanders began to burst out from their hiding-places. "Ross forever!" — two or three caught up the cry. It was echoed with a lusty roar from the Edinburgh road, whence a string of hackney-cabs, and an old coach which had once plied between Lasswade and Princes Street, and bore their names emblazoned on it, came clattering full speed round the corner. "Down with Pringle, and Ross forever!" cried the Lasswade men, packed like herrings in their cabs. Blue flags streamed from the dusty roofs; familiar faces, hot and breathless, but beaming, looked up at the old lady and her boy. The shout ran down the length of the High Street, and called out the committee-men to their balcony. Val turned away, moved by a fresh excitement which,



for the moment, made him forget the other excitement in his mind. His way down the street was a triumph: the crowd divided to let him pass, cheered him, held out damp hands to be shaken, and strewed his path, so to speak, with smiles. He was received by his committee almost with embraces, with shaking of hands, and general tumult, half a dozen speaking together.

"All right, Mr. Ross, all right! all right, my lord!" said one eager Castleton supporter. "The Lasswade men have come—Loanhead's on the road—and there's a perfect regiment coming up the water. Hurrah for Ross, and fair play forever! Pringle will have little to brag of his day's work."

"He'll have got us the best majority we've had yet," cried another; "it was too barefaced, and him the next heir." The room, which had been half empty, began all at once, no one knew how, to surge and overflow with enthusiastic supporters. Val felt himself tossed about on the crest of this wave of triumph. He began to get dizzy with excitement, with the sight of the groups pouring along the street towards the polling-booths, all in his interest, and with the agitation and tumult of talk about him. Long before the close of the poll his victory was secure.

But while the excitement of the crisis thus settled into assurance, another excitement rose in the young man's mind. All round him, loud and low, in every different tone, he heard the name of Pringle identified with the assault which had shaken all the foundations of his life. He had said nothing about its effect upon his mind;—had even postponed realizing it, at his grandfather's entreaty, and the still greater urgency of circumstances, which compelled him to put a bold face on the matter, and show no emotion to the world. But all the while he knew that the stroke, though he had no time to think of it, had struck at his very heart. He had not slept all the previous night; he had made such a tremendous effort of self-control as his young frame and undisciplined mind were scarcely capable of; and the reaction was beginning to set in. Every faculty, every feeling, began to concentrate in the sense of injury which he had shut out of his mind by such an effort while necessity required it—of injury, and of that passionate impulsive rage which was the weak point of his character. From the moment when he fully realized who it was that had struck

this dastardly blow at him, his blood had begun to boil in every vein. Pringle! that was the man—his pretended friend, his relation, a man who had smiled upon him, eaten with him, called him by friendly names, sought him out. I cannot tell how it was that Violet, and everything connected with her, disappeared altogether at this crisis from the young man's agitated mind. He never paused to think that it was Vi's father against whom his whole passionate soul rose up in one longing to punish and avenge. She and everything gentle in his life disappeared and was swept away, the burning tide of fury being too strong for them. Before his confused eyes, while the very different scenes of the day were still going on around him, another panorama seemed to be passing, mixed up somehow with the actual events, the central figure in which was always this man, looking like a fiend, preparing this deadliest sting for him. That burning sense of the intolerable which is in all human affairs the most intolerable of sensations, came upon Val with a force which he seemed helpless to resist. He felt that he could not bear this injury—he could not pass over it, let it go by as if it had not been. His arm tingled to make some stroke. An agitation of haste and anxiety to get through his present business, that he might be free for the other, took hold of him. He went on, doing everything required of him, smiling, shaking hands, speechifying, he could not tell all what, answering to the necessities of his position like a man in a dream, and having a confused din in his ears of cheers and plaudits, of meaningless talk, congratulations, pæans of victory, through all of which he tried to rush, faster and ever faster, longing to have it over, to get away—to fly at the throat of his enemy. And yet I don't think that he betrayed himself. He was excited, but what so natural?—and perhaps worn out with his excitement, to the eyes of one or two close observers. "Get him away as soon as you can—he's overdone," Sir John said to the old lord. "Tut," said Lord Eskside, himself feeling ten years younger in the fulness of his triumph, "no fear of Val; his blood is up, and he can stand anything." Thus the triumphant day came to an end.

The carriage stood in front of the Duke's Head, Lady Eskside and Mary Percival having already taken their places in it, awaiting the new Member and his party, who came up the street, a little



murmuring crowd, buzzing forth satisfaction, pride, and mutual plaudits. Val was carried along in the midst of it, more silent than any, feeling almost at the end of his forces, and sick with eagerness to get free. It was at this unhappy moment that a party of young men, recently arrived, came down the street, meeting Valentine and his body-guard. The first of these was Sandy Pringle—the son, not the father. He had come straight from Edinburgh to ascertain the result of the election, knowing nothing whatever of all that had happened till he heard his own name in every mouth, denounced, by this time, by both sides alike. Sandy, as was natural, was deeply excited: he would not allow the universal censure. “If my father were here he would disprove it,” he had been saying, but vainly. He came straight up in front of Lord Eskside upon the narrow pavement, blocking up the way with his broad shoulders and well-developed form. “Lord Eskside,” he cried, “I appeal to you for justice. I hear my father’s name in every mouth——”

“Stand aside, sir!” cried Val, in a voice so loud and harsh, and so full of emotion, that it seemed to silence every sound about him. The bystanders felt as one man that something was coming. All the young man’s fictitious composure was gone, the veins were swollen on his forehead, his paleness changed into crimson, his eyes flashing fire. Sandy Pringle looked at him with angry surprise.

“I will stand aside when I please,” he said—“no sooner. Lord Eskside, my father——”

“Oh, your father!” cried Val. He stepped out from the group with a movement as swift as lightning. A few words were interchanged, too quick, too furious, for any one to recollect after; and before any of their friends could interfere—before, indeed, the little group around could divine what was wrong—young Pringle, who was twice as heavy a man as his opponent, fell suddenly without a word, struck down by one tremendous blow. “Pass on, gentlemen,” cried Valentine, quivering with passion; “no man shall stop Lord Eskside in the public streets while I am by!”

I must not attempt to describe the tumult which ensued, or how Val was surrounded and forced away by one party, and Sandy, who sprang to his feet, with a mixture of amazement and rage which could not be put into words, was caught by another, everybody eager and vigilant

as soon as the harm was done. “I am at Mr. Pringle’s service, however he chooses and whenever he chooses,” cried Val, half mad with passion, as they hurried him away.

#### CHAPTER XXIX.

MR. PRINGLE had prepared his stroke for years; he had pondered it in his mind ever since he knew of Lord Eskside’s hopes in respect to the election. He had written the letter itself over and over in his mind, getting a kind of secret joy out of it all the more intense that nobody was in the least aware of this private vengeance of his own. Even now nobody was aware of it, except by conjecture. As it was intended for the gratification of his personal feelings rather than for the advantage of his party, he had taken none of them into his counsel: they were as much taken by surprise as were his opponents; and when they had time to reflect and to see the state of public feeling, Mr. Seisin and his party condemned and repudiated the attack, though for one moment they had hesitated over it, not sure whether a stroke so telling might not be justifiable, seeing that, politically speaking, the means are justified by the end. Finding, however, as was soon apparent, that it brought about no revolution in the feeling of the county, but rather the reverse, the party to which Mr. Pringle belonged denounced and repudiated the performance as heartily as could be desired; and Mr. Seisin himself “begged emphatically to protest against an attack so thoroughly against his principles, and trusted his honourable opponent would not connect himself or his party with any such anonymous slander.” This was clearly the *amende honorable* on Mr. Seisin’s part; and the Liberals turned as fiercely upon Mr. Pringle for disgracing them, as their antagonists did for traducing their candidate. He was given up on all hands. I do not believe, however, that he either knew of, or cared for this, at the moment at least. Something much more terrible had fallen upon the man—something which threatened him the moment he had let the winged shaft fly from his hand, but which came down with unimaginable force, now when it had flown into the world, never to be recalled. He had brooded over it, prepared it, taking a fearful joy out of the intention for years; but the moment it was done, the man was penitent and ashamed. On the morning after its publication he was more

completely struck down with horror and shame than even the family he attacked — so much so that he forgot to think of appearances, or to do anything which should divert suspicion from him. He who had taken so prominent a part hitherto did not even go to Castleton on the election day. He gave no vote; he abandoned his good name and his friends together. Some one of the old divines, in quaint familiarity with the Prince of Darkness, tells his readers, if I remember rightly, how Satan sometimes puts so big a stone into the hands of a sinner that it slays himself. This was what poor Mr. Pringle had done. He might have got through a hundred little efforts of malice without much after-suffering, but this tremendous javelin struck himself first, not his enemy, to the ground. The Hewan was a miserable house during the night previous to the election, after the letter, which was the source of all this trouble, came into it. "This is your writing, Alexander!" his wife had cried, when she read it. She waited for a denial, but none came. It was his writing, then! She had thought it, but she had hoped to be contradicted. I dare not repeat what this good wife and upright woman said to her husband after so terrible a discovery. I should not like to describe such a punishment. Mrs. Pringle fell upon the unfortunate culprit, in all the mingled wrath of his own wife, compromised by his personal disgrace, and Vi's mother, concerned for her child's happiness. "You have shamed us all; you have put a stigma on my boys that years will not wear out; and you have ruined my Violet, and broken her heart!" she cried, indignant. It was after this scene that poor little Vi, lonely and miserable, stole down through the rain, old Jean bearing her company, to beg Lady Eskside's pardon. No one knew of this forlorn expedition except old Mrs. Mofatt, who knew that poor Vi was in trouble without knowing why. When Violet left the house, her mother had retired to her room with a headache; her father had shut himself up in the new dining-room. The house was wretched, and the child still more wretched. No such domestic commotion had ever happened before in the house. Violet had not known what to do. She had her private misery to swell to overbrimming the trouble which her friendly young soul would have felt even in a case less intimately affecting her. She gave up her own happiness without a struggle, or at

least so she thought, as she hastened down the rough paths through the woods, with her hood over her bright hair, and old Jean toiling after her with her big umbrella. She thought she gave it up without hope or question. Poor Vi! for when the old lady, who had always been so kind, made no movement of affection towards her, when she turned away without a sign, Violet felt for the first time all the bitterness of being without hope. She had meant to give Val up, and her happiness and her life—but, alas, poor little Violet! I fear she had not thought of being taken at her word. In her little breaking heart there had survived an unspoken hope that Lady Eskside would gather her up into her kind old arms, kiss her, forgive her, and make everything again as though this misery had never been. At twenty it is so easy to believe that everything can be made up, if only those who have the power could be persuaded to have the will also. It was not till Lady Eskside turned away that Violet felt that this thing was, and could not be mended. She rushed out again into the rain and night in a real despair, of which her former anguish had been only the similitude. Wretchedly, in a silence which she could scarce keep from breaking with sobs, she fought her way through the rain among the bare trees, her eyes so full of bitter tears that she could see nothing. Ah, what a difference from the day before, when Val was by her side, whom her father had injured, striking at him cruelly in the dark, slandering before all the world! "One thing is good, at least—it is soon over, soon over!" poor Vi said in her heart.

Next day this unhappy family met estranged, saying nothing to each other, and worn out with the tumult of the past night. Mrs. Pringle waited, expecting her husband to set off to Castleton for the election all the morning through, but she would not condescend to ask him if he were going. He did not go. Shame had taken hold upon the man. He shut himself up in the room which he had built, and saw no one except at luncheon, when they met and sat down together, making a pretence to eat, without exchanging a word which could be avoided.

"How long is this to last, mamma?" said Violet, as they sat together on the embankment, looking down the vale of Esk, with all its trees beginning to grow green, and the turrets of Rosscraig shining in the sun.

"How can I tell?" said Mrs. Pringle; "as long as your father chooses, I suppose. God knows what has come over him, Vi. He has done this for his party, destroying all our peace of mind, and now he will not even go to give his vote. I do not know what can have come over him. Sometimes I think it must be illness," said poor Mrs. Pringle, drying her eyes. Compunctions were beginning to steal upon her too, and meltings of heart towards the sufferer.

"By this time it must be settled," said Violet, looking down the valley with tears in her eyes which hid it from her, and with quivering lips; "and oh, mamma, if Val has lost!"

"He has not lost, — you may be sure of that," said her mother. "But, Violet, my darling, don't say Val any more. You must make up your mind that *that's* all over, Vi. They would never suffer it — I could not myself in their place."

Violet looked at her mother with her lips quivering more and more. "I know," she said, with an attempt at a smile. Too well she knew. She had not said anything about her visit to Lady Eskside. Why should she? Her heart was too sick and sore to be able to enter into prolonged confidences; and what was the use?

Sandy got home almost as soon as the Eskside party did with their four horses. He had thrown himself free as soon as he could of the friends who had flung themselves upon him to "hinder mischief," as they said. "Mischief? what mischief?" he cried, fiercely; "do you think I am going to make a fool of myself fighting a duel with Val Ross?" He was too dangerous an antagonist, notwithstanding the humiliation which, taken at unawares, he had sustained, to dispose any one to renew the quarrel on Val's behalf; and he had shaken them off and hastened home, possessed by many painful thoughts. It was not until he had got miles from Castleton on an unfrequented road that he ventured to stop and read the paper which, up to this moment, he had only glanced at. Deeply though he felt the affront he had received, I think the wound this paper gave him was deeper still. He too judged, as everybody did, that it was his father's writing, his father's attempt anonymously and under pretext of serving his party, to give a deadly personal blow to the lad whom he had always looked upon as his own and his son's supplanter. Sandy's sense of humiliation, of bitter pain and discom-

figure, grew as he approached home. How was he to meet his father, to meet them all; for what more likely than that mother and sister in the heat of controversy had taken his father's side? Every step he took towards the Hewan made him think less of Val's sin against him and more of his father's, which was a worse sin against him (Sandy) and all his brothers than it was against Val. The time of dinner was approaching when he reached the Hewan, and no one was visible. Sandy went to his room to dress, and I need not say that his mother went to him there and told him her story, and had his in return. They exchanged sentiments as they exchanged confidences; for Mrs. Pringle, forgetting her husband's offence, on which she had dwelt so long, was seized with a violent indignation against Val, who had insulted her boy. But Sandy, poor fellow, forgot Val's offence altogether, and forgave him, in horror of the greater offence. Never had there been such a dinner eaten by the Pringle family, who up to this moment had been a model of family union. "I suppose you have heard how things went at Castleton," the father said, not looking at his son. "I have been there," said Sandy, pointedly, "and I am glad to say that Val Ross was returned by the largest majority that has been known since '32." "Glad! why should you be glad?" cried Mr. Pringle; and this was all that was said. Afterwards, when he withdrew again into his loneliness, Mrs. Pringle's heart failed her. She had never quarrelled with her husband before, and she could not bear it. She went to the room where he had shut himself up, and after an hour or two emerged again tearful but smiling. During this interval the brother and sister were left alone, and Sandy told Violet his story, over which she wept, poor child, crying, "Oh, dear Sandy!" and "Oh, poor Val!" "I think you think as much of him as you do of me," her brother said, not knowing whether to be offended with Violet, or to take the side of his assailant too.

"Oh, Sandy, have I not reason?" cried poor Vi, hiding in her soft heart the deeper reason which only her mother knew. "Was he not always like another brother to me — and to us all?"

"That's true," said Sandy, softened and thoughtful; "he was always fond of you."

This was balm to poor Vi, who could suffer herself to cry a little when Sandy was so ignorant and so kind. "He was

fond of—us all," said Violet; "do you mind how good he was to the children? Never till now was he unkind to any one. I am sure he is like to break his heart already for what he has done."

"He must say so then. He was a hasty beggar always," Sandy admitted, "and it was enough to drive a man out of his wits; but why should he have laid hands on me? What had I done? You are a girl, Vi, you don't understand; but, by Jove! to stand being struck—by another fellow, you know."

"And hadn't he been struck, and far deeper? Oh Sandy, only think—all that about his mother, and about his coming here! I don't think he knew of it, or remembered. And to be exposed to the whole county, everybody, all these great people, and all the poor folk—everybody! Oh, poor Val, poor Val!"

Sandy was half inclined to cry too, he was so miserable. He got up and walked about the room, his mind disturbed between the insult to himself and the far deeper insult which Val had first received.

Violet got up too after a while, and stole her arm softly within his. "What shall you do?" she said, looking up to him with her appealing eyes.

"Oh, Vi, how can I tell?" cried the young man. "I'd like to kick him, and I'd like to go down on my knees to him. What am I to do? Till to-day I would have stood up for Val Ross against the world. Why did he insult me before everybody? I forgive him; but I know no more what to do than you can tell me. One thing," he said, with a short laugh of disdain, "I certainly shall not make a fool of myself, and fight a duel, which is what I suppose he meant. I am not such a ridiculous idiot as to do that."

"A duel!" cried Violet, with a suppressed scream, holding fast by his arm.

"No, I am not such an idiot as that," said Sandy; "though I suppose that is what he must have meant."

"He did not know what he was saying," said Violet. "Oh, Sandy dear, you are brave enough and strong enough to be able to forgive him. Oh, Sandy, will you forgive him? I should not be quite so miserable to-night if you would promise: forgive him, that he may forgive poor papa."

"Why should you be so miserable, Vi?" said her brother, looking earnestly into her face; but fortunately for poor Violet, her mother here made her appearance, and the conversation was stopped. The girl stole away to her little room soon

after—the room with the attic window which commanded the view of Esk and its valley, which had been hers since she was a child. It was a moonlight night, and the sometimes golden turrets of Rosscraig shone out silvery from among the clouds of leafless trees. Vi pretended to be asleep when her mother came into her room on her way to her own, feeling unable to bear another word; but after that visitation was over, got up in her restlessness and wrapped herself in her warm dressing-gown, and sat by the window watching the steadfast cloudless shining of that white moon in the great, blue, silent heavens, over the dark and dreamy earth. How different it was from the sunshine, with all its sudden gleams and shadows, its movements of life and mirth, its flutterings and happy changes! The moon was as still as death, and as unchangeable, throwing her paleness over everything. The girl's sad soul played with this fancy in a melancholy which was deep as the night, yet, like the night, not without its charm. She sat thus so long that she lost note of time, too wretched to go to bed, —sleepless, hopeless, as she thought; now and then looking wistfully at the silver turrets, thinking, oh if she could only speak one word to Val, only say good-bye to him, though it must be forever. Notwithstanding these thoughts, it was with a pang of fright beyond description that she saw, quite suddenly, a dark figure rising over the dyke on to the little platform upon which the Hewan stood. Violet was so much alarmed that it did not occur to her who it was who thus invaded the safe retirement of the place in the middle of the night. She would have screamed aloud had she not been too much frightened to scream. Was it a ghost? was it a robber? She forgot her misery for the moment in her terror; then suddenly felt her misery flood back upon her heart, changed into a desperate joy. It was no ghost nor robber, but Val, poor Val. He climbed up noiselessly and sat down upon the edge of the dyke, with his face turned to the house—in all that quiet, silent, lifeless world, the only living thing, doing nothing to attract attention, scarcely moving, looking at her window in the moonlight. She watched him for a time, with her heart leaping wildly to her mouth. All was perfectly still, the household asleep, not a stir to be heard anywhere but that of the soft night-wind sighing through the trees. Her heart yearned over her young lover



in the pathetic silence of this night-visit, which seemed made without any hope of seeing her, without any hope of anything—only, like herself, out of the sick restlessness of misery. She opened her window softly, and put out her head. When he saw this, he rose with a start and came towards her. The night-wind blew softly, the trees rustled, a whisper of sound was in the air, like the breath of invisible spectators standing by.

From Temple Bar.

#### SOUTHEY IN HIS STUDY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AUTHORS AT WORK."

"I AM in treaty with the *Telegraph*, and hope to be their correspondent. Hiring writer to a newspaper! 'Sdeath! 'tis an ugly title! But, *n'importe*, I shall write truth, and only truth. You will be melancholy at all this, Bedford; I am so at times; but what can I do? I could not enter the Church, nor had I finances to study physic; for public offices I am too notorious. I have not the gift of making shoes, nor the happy art of mending them. Education has unfitted me for trade, and I must, perforce, enter the muster-roll of authors. . . . The point is, where can I best subsist? London is certainly the place for all who, like me, are on the world. London must be the place. If I and Coleridge can only get a fixed salary of £100 a year between us, our own industry shall supply the rest. Enough! this state of suspense must soon be over: I am worn and wasted with anxiety; and, if not at rest in a short time, shall be disabled from exertion, and sink to a long repose. Poor Edith! Almighty God protect her!"

This is Southey's own account of himself, of his wishes, and his prospects, at one-and-twenty, at an age, that is, when most men of his genius are living with their heads in the clouds, or forming plans to scale the towers of Heaven, instead of hankering, in this nerveless spirit, after a cottage, a wife, and £150 a year. All Southey's hopes, almost all his thoughts, at one-and-twenty, were of the earth earthy; and an appointment upon the staff of a London newspaper, with a salary of £200 a year, represented the highest prize that his imagination could compass.

Yet Southey, till thrown upon his own resources in this way, had spent most of

his time in an atmosphere of poetry and romance; brooding over the "Fairy Queen," scanning it line by line to trace out the under-current of thought in Spenser's mind, with the view of carrying on the work to its completion, in planning poem after poem of his own, and in scribbling heroic couplets by the thousand as contributions to the series of Thalabas, Madocs, and Kehamas, which were floating in a golden haze in his imagination. "I have been looking through my papers, a pile of stuff and nonsense," he tells one of his friends, "and transcribing all the verses that seemed worth transcribing. I have burnt upon an average, I should say, 10,000, preserved about the same number, and thrown aside 15,000 as worthless." These 15,000 worthless couplets represent what Charles Lamb calls Southey's first callow flights in authorship. They were the work of his 'prentice days; and with nothing but these 10,000 couplets in his travelling trunk, a handful of quills gathered from the Somerset marshes, Ossian, the Bible, and Homer, Southey took his seat on the top of the Bristol coach, in the spring of 1795, with hardly a guinea in his pocket, to make a livelihood as best he could by writing criticism for the *Courier*, like Hazlitt, at five shillings a column, or by concocting spicy paragraphs for the *Morning Post*, like Charles Lamb, at sixpence apiece, till, with the co-operation of Coleridge, he could scrape together £200 or £300, by the publication of "Madoc," to marry a pretty little milliner at Bath, to take his passage to America with Coleridge and a half a dozen other friends, and to set up a Pantisocratic Society on the banks of the Susquehanna; a society, that is, in which poetry and agriculture were to form the chief employment of the men, cooking and embroidery the chief employment of the women; where all were to be governed by equal laws, where everything was to be held in common, and where nankeen was to be the only wear, and not too much of that.

It was a pleasant and picturesque sort of vision, this of a Pantisocratic colony of poets, of metaphysicians, and of herdsmen on the banks of the Susquehanna, a vision that vanished at the first touch of common sense. But it was under the influence of this vision that Coleridge and Southey made their first dash into literature, that Coleridge wrote the "Ancient Mariner" and translated "Wallenstein," and that Southey wrote "Joan of

Arc," "Wat Tyler," and the first books of "Madoc;" and it was this vision which buoyed up Southey through all the earliest and darkest years of his life. "This Pantisocratic scheme," he says in a note to his brother, "has given me new life, new hope, new energy; all the faculties of my mind are dilated; I am weeding out the few lurking prejudices of habit, and looking forward to happiness."

Pending the realization of this dream, however, Southey had need of all his imagination and of all his faith to keep him in conceit with his genius through the host of humiliations which lie in the path of a man trying, like him, to live by his pen as a newspaper hack in London. Southey had but just left Oxford without a degree, and with a reputation which formed at that period almost as great a bar to the advancement of a man without powerful connections, as the suspicion of sorcery did perhaps in the ages of faith, or as the suspicion of Toryism does now. He was a republican, a deist, and a stoic, and he had distinguished himself in the common room by refusing to drink more than a couple of glasses of wine at dinner, by allowing his hair to grow over his shoulders, and by refusing to wear powder or a pigtail. His friends had been anxious that he should take orders and enter the Church; and this had been their main purpose in sending him from Westminster to Baliol. But Southey startled his friends by standing out all of a sudden upon his rights of conscience. "The gate to the Church," he said, "is perjury; and I am not disposed to pay so heavy a fine at the turnpike of orthodoxy." Of course all that his friends saw, or perhaps could see, in his high-souled refusal to compromise his honour for the reversion of a college living of £300 a year, and the chance of a canonry at fifty, was a spirit of perversity and self-will implying an annoying want of common sense. This was the explanation even of Southey's uncle—an accomplished scholar and a keen man of the world. "He is a good scholar, of great reading, and of an astonishing memory," said Mr. Hill, the chaplain of the English embassy at Lisbon, analyzing Southey's character to find out his motive for refusing the cassock. "When he speaks he does it with fluency, with a great choice of words. He is perfectly correct in his behaviour, of the most exemplary morals, and the best of hearts. . . . In short, he has everything you would

wish a young man to have, except common sense or prudence." But remonstrance was all thrown away. Southey refused to take orders; and he had too great a horror of the dissecting-room to try physic. Literature was his only resource; and as the alternative of starvation, the forlorn poet offered his services to a republican newspaper in London, to write sedition in the style and spirit of "Wat Tyler" at a guinea and a half a week.

It was not particularly pleasant work, and it brought Southey not much more profit than pleasure. But even in writing seditious odes for the *Citizen* at a guinea and a half a week, Southey was acting upon that high principle of personal honour which distinguished him all through his life—upon the principle of writing only on the side where his heart and his sympathies happened at the moment to lie; for all he had to do to double his salary was to cross the street and to pitch his contributions in the key which a few years afterwards marked most of his articles in the *Quarterly Review*. This was one of the darkest periods of Southey's life. "I often walked the streets for want of a dinner when I had not eighteen pence for the ordinary, nor bread and cheese at my lodgings. Although you must not suppose that I thought of my dinner when I was walking; no, my head was full of what I was composing: when I lay down at night I was planning my poem, and when I rose up in the morning the poem was the first thought to which I was awake."

"In love, in debt, and in doubt about the doctrine of the Trinity," Southey's hopes all turned upon these poems, and as yet only one of them had been written. This was "Joan of Arc," and even "Joan of Arc" was lying in his desk with the veto of half a dozen publishers upon it. No printer would take it off his hands; and even the poet, with the assistance of all his university friends, could not find more than fifty people to put down their names upon his subscription list. His position was thus one of the most humiliating and helpless that a man of genius, of culture, and of independent spirit could be in without thinking now and then of a pistol. And Southey felt all its humiliation—all its bitterness. The iron entered into his soul. But he looked his fate in the face with the serene courage which marked him through life. He was a stoic to the core; and with his stoicism in the end he conquered fate. Light at last broke

through a rift in the clouds; and this light broke upon him, as light generally does, when and where the penniless poet least thought of looking for it.

Visiting the West of England after a year or two of London life, Southey happened to spend an evening with a Bristol bookseller who had pored over poetry till he was head and ears in love with the poets themselves, and anxious for nothing more than to see his name coupled with those of the Messrs. Longman on the title page of an epic or a song. This Bristol bookseller was Joseph Cottle, the original publisher of Wordsworth's "Lyrics" and of Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner" — a man of antique simplicity and generosity; and Southey poet-like, took a roll of MS. out of his pocket after dinner and read parts of his poem to his host. He had no intention of making any proposal to Cottle to publish the poem, and had apparently not the slightest expectation that Cottle might make an offer to publish it. All that he was thinking of was to show a provincial bookseller what sort of poetry London publishers could refuse to print. But this was enough for Cottle. He had read so much of poetry and sympathized so much with poets in their eccentricities and vicissitudes, that to see before him the realization of a character which in the abstract so much absorbed his regards, gave him a degree of satisfaction which he could hardly express. This is his own explanation, and the long and short of the explanation is, that "Joan of Arc" turned Cottle's head. To him the tall, handsome figure of Southey, with a head and shoulders which might originally have belonged to Apollo Belvedere, to a Napier, or a Blackfoot Indian — with a pair of sparkling black eyes piercing you through and through, like a goshawk's — with a transparent complexion mantling with genius, kindliness, and intelligence — and with long masses of dark brown hair streaming over his shoulders — was the *beau idéal* of a poet; and to hear this phantom of his imagination repeating an original poem in MS. at his own table, with the waters of the Avon rippling under his windows, was to Cottle more like a dream than a scene in real life. He offered Southey fifty guineas for his poem on the spur of the moment, and fifty free copies for his subscribers. Southey accepted the offer as promptly as it was made; and the bargain thus struck formed the foundation of a long

and intimate friendship between the poet and the publisher.

"At that time few books were printed in the country, and it was seldom, indeed, that a quarto volume issued from a provincial press. A font, of new type was ordered, for what was intended to be the handsomest book that Bristol had ever yet sent forth; and when the paper arrived, and the printer was ready to commence his operations, nothing had been done towards preparing the poem for the press, except that a few verbal alterations had been made." These are Southey's own words when recalling the incident, as poet laureate, many years afterwards. "I was not, however, without misgivings; and when the first proof-sheet was brought me the more glaring faults of the composition stared me in the face. But the sight of a well-printed page, which was to be set off with all the advantages that fine wove paper and hot-pressing could impart, put me in spirits, and I went to work with good will. About half the first book was left in its original state; the rest of the poem was recast and recomposed while the printing went on." This occupied six months; and Southey put his heart and soul into the work, thinking of nothing but his poem by day, and dreaming of nothing but his proofs, of new types, of hot-pressed quartos, and of second editions at night. He threw his "own feelings" into the poem, "in his own language," and out of one part of it and another, as he tells us, you may find all the traits of his own character.

"Joan of Arc," I am sorry to say, did not turn out a very brilliant success. Most of the edition was left on Cottle's shelves, and Messrs. Longman, in purchasing the good-will of his business a few years afterwards, simply set down the value of the copyright at *nil*. But the publication of "Joan of Arc" served at least one useful purpose; for if it added nothing to the profits of the bookseller, it brought Southey before the world as a poet five or ten years earlier than he might otherwise have made his appearance, and this gave him, as he says, a "Baxter's shove" into his right place in the world. But for this publication of "Joan of Arc" one of the most active and distinguished of English writers might have kept his terms in Gray's Inn or the Temple, puzzled out the mysteries of special pleading, put on a wig and gown, and spent

the flower of his days in the courts of Lincoln's Inn or Westminster Hall, arguing replevins and writs of error, framing interrogatories, or drawing declarations, and never have written anything beyond a seditious ode now and then in the *Courier* or a page or two of criticism upon a book of travels in the *Gentleman*, till his turn came, as come it must in the end, to take the coif, turn Tory, contest rotten boroughs, vote with Castlereagh against Roman Catholic emancipation, parliamentary reform, free-trade, and all the rest of it, and to reap his reward at sixty in a seat on the bench with a salary of £5000 a year and a knighthood. This publication of "Joan of Arc" forms a turning-point in Southey's life. It decided him to make literature instead of law the profession of his life, and to take his chance of what literature might bring—a baronetcy, £100,000, and a Gothic castle on the banks of Windermere, or a crust, a pension of £200 a year, and a statue in the end in a village churchyard. Southey's heart, like Scott's, never was in the law, and perhaps never would have been, although, if forced to make law the business of his life, a man of Southey's powers and of Southey's habits must in the long run have distinguished himself as much by his tongue in the courts and in Parliament as he did by his pen in the newspapers and reviews. Literature, and especially poetry, was a passion with Southey from the first. Law and London were his special aversions. "I had rather write an epic poem any time," he said, "than read a brief;" and a pigsty in the country ranked in his eyes above all the palaces of London as a source of happiness. But even poets cannot live upon air; and till the publication of "Joan of Arc" Southey had been obliged to live as best he could by picking up a guinea now and then from the newspapers and magazines, principally from the *Courier* and the *Morning Post*, the *Gentleman* and the *New Monthly*.

Of course this at best was hard and precarious work, for the pay of the newspapers and magazines was not then what it is now, when men without a spark of Southey's genius keep a bank-book and a park cob, draw 100 guineas for a poem that he would have thought hardly fit for an album, £2000 for a novel that Scott would have thrown into the fire, and ten guineas for a newspaper article that Southey, Coleridge, and De Quincey would have scribbled for a guinea. Five guineas a sheet was then the highest rate

paid by any of the magazines, and these sheets were sixteen pages of small type. If the proprietor of the *Courier* happened to pay a guinea for a squib, all the *literati* of Grub Street took off their hats and crossed themselves when they met him in the Strand. It was a portent, and this guinea made a greater sensation than a hundred guinea cheque for four or five articles in the *Times* or the *Pall Mall Gazette* makes to-day in the coffee-rooms of the Garrick or the Savage Club. The *Morning Post* kept a poet of its own on the premises for £75 a year, and the proprietor of the *Morning Chronicle* was thought to be very reckless with his cash when, to outdo the *Post*, he offered the author of "Tam O'Shanter" £120 a year to relinquish his appointment in the excise and to take up his quarters in London as the poet laureate of the Whigs. Hazlitt wrote the finest criticism in the world at five shillings a column, Mackintosh placed all his philosophy and eloquence at the service of the *Oracle* for ten guineas a week, Coleridge wrote all the leading articles in the *Post* at four or five guineas a week, Charles Lamb was almost off his head when Stuart, "the finest-tempered of editors," offered him £100 a year as his chief jester, and Southey's expectations as a newspaper hack never rose above £200 a year. Even this apparently was out of his reach; and it was not till Mr. Charles Watkin Wynn settled £100 a year upon him as an act of friendship that Southey could throw his law books aside, take up his quarters in a cottage within half an hour's walk of Bristol, and give up his thoughts to poetry, without risk of a fiat in bankruptcy at the end of the quarter.

Southey's life in this cottage at Westbury constitutes one of the happiest and busiest periods of his career. It was his literary honeymoon. He had now all he had sighed for in his day dreams: a cottage, a wife, books, leisure, an income of £150 a year to stand between him and the workhouse; and he had not yet discovered what it was to be pestered out of all his native serenity by the cavils of Jeffrey and the rest of his critics in the *Edinburgh Review*, by printer's bills, by reams of damasked poetry, and by the excisions and interpolations of an editor who cut up critics with less mercy than the critics themselves cut up authors. All his thoughts, all his hopes, were centred upon the MS. of "Madoc" and upon the historical works which a visit to Portugal had conjured up in his imagina-



tion; and he worked at these morning, noon, and night. Sir Humphrey Davy lived within two or three miles of Southey's cottage, analyzing gases and testing gauze lamps; and almost the only relaxation that Southey permitted himself was a stroll through the fields now and then to the Pneumatic Institution to spend an hour with the distinguished chemist in his laboratory, to read a page of "Madoc" to him, and to hear in return what fresh experiments Davy had made with his lamp and his gases. "I wrote more verses here," Southey said, "than at any other period of my life."

But poetry was not Southey's sole thought, even in his cottage at Westbury. Here he wrote most of his letters from Spain and Portugal, and in writing these he hit upon the idea of writing a "History of Spanish and Portuguese Literature," a "History of Brazil and its Conquest," a Kalendar and a poem upon the destruction of the Dom Daniel. It was in search of materials for these works that he broke up his cottage at Westbury to spend a year or two in the groves of Cintra and in the libraries of Lisbon. He was in raptures with the Portuguese climate, and with Portuguese scenery, and extols it to the skies, like Tom Moore, as the native region of sentiment, of poetry, of chivalry, of love. "It is the most beautiful spot I have ever seen, or even imagined" — a paradise where poets may always keep themselves in song, instead of lapsing into silence and plain prose for six months of the year over a sea-coal fire, and tuning up afresh with the birds and flowers in spring. You may trace his recollections of this Eden — of its groves, in all the freshness and radiance of green and gold — of its crags, of its glens, of its torrents leaping from rock to rock — of its crosses, its grottoes, its convents, and its thousand shrines of affection and devotion — in all his after poetry. The year that he thus spent in this "variegated maze of mount and glen" left a deeper impression on his mind than all the rest of his travels put together; and the year itself was a year of the highest pleasure and of the most active industry. "I ride a jackass, a fine lazy way of travelling. I eat oranges, figs, and delicious pears; drink Colares wine, a sort of half-way excellence between port and claret; read all I can lay my hands on; dream of poem after poem, and play after play; take a *siesta* of two hours, and am as happy as if life were but one everlasting to-day,

and that to-morrow was not to be provided for. . . . One Englishman only talks politics with me; his taste in French is everything, and in all else mine is right English and anti-Gallican. The English know very little of the country they live in, and nothing of the literature. Of Camoens they have heard, and only of Camoens." But by the aid of his uncle, a thoughtful and well-read man, with a passion for books, and with a library stocked with all the best works of Spanish and Portuguese literature, Southey in the course of a few months became almost as well acquainted with the Portuguese literature as he was with that of his own country. "It is not worth much" — this was his criticism upon it at the end of the year — "but it is not from the rose and the violet only that the bee sucks honey."

The only original work that Southey wrote at Cintra was "Thalaba;" and "Thalaba" was planned, written, revised, and published within the year which covered his stay in Portugal.

This was his quickest work. All the rest of his poems were kept on hand, like Wordsworth's, year after year; "Madoc" for sixteen years — six years to write and ten to correct, although Southey's theory, like Byron's, was that the faster a poem is written after its groundwork is once sketched in, the better. To write rapidly and to correct at leisure was his rule. But "Thalaba" was the only work of Southey's that was written within a year, and "Wat Tyler" the only work that was written, as all Byron's poems were, in a heat; and as it happens, "Thalaba" was the only poem of Southey's that brought him in the price of an article in the *Quarterly Review*, and "Wat Tyler" the only one that ran through half a dozen editions. Southey generally was "long even to dilatoriness" in planning whatever he wrote, and till he had turned forty he seldom kept to his original plan through the second book. Till then he generally allowed the plan to develop itself, as Scott did, incorporating fresh incidents and fresh thoughts as they arose, and beating up for thoughts and words alike concurrently: a weak and harassing rule to work upon at best, and especially bad in poetry. He thus wrote slowly, "unless very much in the humour for it and when carried forward by the passion of the poet."

But in constructing "Joan of Arc," "Madoc," and "Thalaba," Southey ac

quired the knack of improvising heroic poems, dramas, and histories, off-hand; and in the course of his strolls through the hills and dales of the Lake District, he planned enough of these to keep him hard at work all his life, even if he had possessed as many hands as Briareus and lived as long as Methuselah. "It seems to me," he said, chatting about this gift or acquisition, "as if I caught the bearings of a subject at first sight, just as Telford sees from an eminence, with a glance, in what direction his road must be carried. But it was long before I acquired this power, and it was gained by practice; in the course of which I learnt to perceive wherein I was deficient."

This knack, when once acquired, was of course of the highest service to him, increasing his powers of versification tenfold; for nothing is more paralyzing to the imagination than groping after the plan of a novel or a poem in the dark; and on the other hand, nothing quickens your pace more than an active and vivid imagination, which keeps the whole plan in your eye, and carries your mind along in a line of light, like that in which Byron and Shelley generally wrought out their best conceptions. This is the reason why, with Southey, as with Sheridan, Moore, and most men of sluggish imaginations — I mean, of course, in comparison with Byron and Shelley — the first part of a poem generally takes three or four times the time and labour that the latter part takes. In the first part the poet has to work up hill, and to feel his way at every step, to hark back every now and then, to alter and correct. The last half is like going down hill. The difficulty is over. The path is clear. He sees his way distinctly, and his progress accelerates itself. When Southey saw a straight path before him, as he did in writing "Kehama" and "Roderick" he could, at a push, throw off 1200 lines in a week, that is, keep abreast with Byron and Scott at their best. But when he had to beat about the bush for incidents, for thoughts, and for words, to pause at every turn to trace out his path a canto or two ahead, as in "Thalaba" and "Madoc" he wrote almost as slowly and laboriously as Moore, recasting his work over and over again, altering and correcting, writing and rewriting. "Yesterday," he says, for instance, in a note to Rickman, when at work on "Thalaba," "I drew my pen across 600 lines." And in the course of transcription for the

press all his earlier poems were, like this, hewn to pieces time after time with "surgeon severity," recast and rewritten, till, as he said of "Madoc," if you had asked him why he had used one word instead of another in any line out of 10,000 he could give you the reason off-hand. What, however, Southey said of "Roderick" at forty — "I write slowly and blot much" — might have been said of all his poems. "Thalaba," although written in the shortest time, was the most laboured.

Its price was 115*l.*, and 115*l.* were never earned by harder work.

Returning from Lisbon, laden with the spoils of Portuguese literature, Southey took up his quarters with Coleridge in Greta Hall, "perhaps the very finest single spot in England," taking in as it did at a sweep Skiddaw and the Lake of Keswick and Bassenthwaite, intending to live by his pen, partly by writing politics and criticism for the magazines, and partly by writing epic poems and historical works like those which he had been planning in the groves of Cintra. The scenery of the lakes was all that he wished English scenery to be, all that he thought English scenery could be. It was not of course equal to that of Cintra; but in Southey's eyes it was inferior only to Cintra. "All the poet part of my nature will be fed and fostered here. I feel already in tune" — this was written a day or two after his arrival at Keswick — "and I shall proceed to my work with such a feeling of power as old Samson had when he laid hold of the temple of Dagon."

His first task at Keswick was to revise "Madoc" and prepare it for publication. The original sketch of this poem had been drawn up in the autumn of 1794, and Southey intended to make it his masterpiece, the pillar of his reputation. He then went through a special course of reading to prepare himself for the work, studying principally, as models of style and expression, the Bible, Homer, and Ossian. But hardly a line of the poem now stands as it was originally written. It was modelled afresh year after year, altered and corrected in its progress, through the press, till even the author could hardly recognize the original form of his conception. The postage of the proofs alone cost him fifty shillings; and publishing as he did upon the plan of half profits, it was not till "Madoc" had been in the hands of the booksellers for two years that it cleared the cost of pens,

ink, and paper. It sold very slowly, more slowly than any of his works, and his profits upon it in the end were all covered by a cheque for twenty-five pounds.

This was the fate of Southey's masterpiece — of a poem which had not been out of his thoughts for fifteen years. It was a sore disappointment, especially as Southey had been looking forward to this publication for the means of furnishing Greta Hall, and of laying in a fresh stock of books for his historical works. To a man of less elevation of soul, of less elasticity of spirit, it might have been a fatal disappointment; but it hardly touched the spirits of Southey. "I shall be read by posterity," he said, "if I am not read now; read with Milton and Virgil and Dante, when poets whose works are now selling by thousands are only known through a biographical dictionary." And with this reflection the author of "Madoc" turned to the work of a bookseller's hack, writing reviews for the *Quarterly*, poetry for the *Morning Post*, and skits for the *New Monthly*. This sort of work was his aversion, and you can see from his correspondence how bitterly he regretted every hour spent at the task. "It is very disheartening, this hand-to-mouth work, and interferes cruelly with better things; but more important they cannot be called, for bread-and-cheese is business of the first necessity;" and the *Quarterly Review* kept the pot boiling better than all the hot-pressed epics in the world. There was, however, no querulousness in Southey's temper. His heart was in the work of his desk, and "labour was his amusement." All that made him growl was, that the kind of labour could not be wholly his own choice; that he must lay aside old chronicles and review modern poems; that instead of composing from a full head, he must write like a school-boy upon some idle theme upon which nothing could be said or ought to be said. "I am reviewing for Longman, reviewing for Hamilton; translating, perhaps about again to versify, for the *Morning Post*: drudge, drudge, drudge. You know Quarles's emblem of the soul that tries to fly, but is chained by the leg to the earth." This was Southey's position. He could have written an epic like "Thalaba" in the time that these reviews took him every year. But if he had written epics instead of writing reviews the sheriff's officers would have been cataloguing his books at the end of the year,

and by writing criticism instead of poetry he kept up Greta Hall in the style of a country squire with a rent-roll of £700 or £800 a year. He received 100 guineas each for most of his articles in the *Quarterly Review*, and 150 guineas for the best of them — those, for instance, on Nelson and Wesley. This, too, was the rate of his remuneration from the *British and Foreign Review*; and had he chosen to throw himself heart and soul into this work, instead of drawing blank cheques upon posterity by writing "Roderick" and "Kehama," he might have doubled his income at a stroke; for his prose was always fresh, vigorous, and picturesque, and every publication was open to him, from the quarterlies to Peter Cunningham's annual. The proprietor of the *Times* offered him £2000 a year and a share in his profits to take the chair of Tom Barnes in Printing-House Square, and to write three or four articles a week. But he turned away with contempt from every temptation which sought to lure him from his library, from the hills and lakes of Cumberland, or from the epics which were to carry his name down the stream of time with those of the greatest masters of song, even though the temptation were gilded, as in this case, with the salary and power of a cabinet minister.

All Southey's thoughts, all his wishes, all his hopes, were centred within the four corners of his library. This library was all in all to him. Coleridge called it his wife, and De Quincey has given a description of it which is too well known to need quotation. Southey knew all his books by heart, kept them all in perfect order, well classified, marked, and indexed; and here, with these books for his companions, "the pride of his eye and the joy of his heart," he spent most of his time. "Imagine me in this great study of mine, from breakfast till dinner, from dinner till tea, and from tea till supper, in my old black coat, my corduroys alternately with the long worsted pantaloons and gaiters in one, and the green shade, and sitting at my desk, and you have my picture and my history." This is Southey's own description of himself at work, in a note to his brother, and it tallies to a T with De Quincey's account. "I rouse the house to breakfast every morning, and qualify myself for a boatswain's place by this practice; and thus one day passes like another, and never did the days appear to pass so fast. . . . My actions are as regular as those of St.

Dunstan's quarter-boys. Three pages of history after breakfast (equivalent to five in small quarto printing); then to transcribe and copy for the press, or to make my selection and biographies, or what else suits my humour, till dinner time; from dinner till tea I read, write letters, see the newspaper, and very often indulge in a *siesta*; for sleep agrees with me, and I have a good substantial theory to prove that it must; for as a man who walks much requires to sit down and rest himself, so does the brain, if it be the part most worked, require its repose. After tea I go to poetry, and correct, and re-write and copy till I am tired, and then turn to anything else till supper; and this is my life, which, if it be not a very merry one, is yet as happy as heart could wish." I take these sentences from his letters at thirty and forty, but they may stand for a description of his life at forty-five, at fifty, and even within four or five years of his end; for although his tasks varied from year to year, his habits were as fixed as the habits of a pundit. What they were at fifty they had been at thirty, and you may take his own account of his life at thirty as a representation in miniature of his whole career and of all the habits of his life.

"I am a quiet, patient, easy-going hack of the mule breed; regular as clock-work in my pace, sure-footed, bearing the burden which is laid on me, and only obstinate in choosing my own path. If Gifford could see me by this fireside, where, like Nicodemus, one candle suffices me in a large room, he would see a man in a coat still more threadbare than his own when he wrote his "Imitation," working hard and getting little—a bare maintenance, and hardly that; writing poems and history for posterity with his whole heart and soul; one daily progressive in learning: not so learned as he is poor; not so poor as proud; not so proud as happy." That sentence ought to have been cut upon Southey's gravestone; for it hits him off in two or three characteristic touches to a shade—his style, his spirit, his habits, and his work. He was a hermit to the core, a hermit in all his thoughts, in all his habits, even in his wishes. "I have my books, and I want nothing else;" observations of this sort were always on his lips: "for blessed be God, I grow day by day more and more independent of society; neither a want nor wish for it." He hated London and all its ways—its atmosphere, its society.

"A thistle in the country is more to me than all the flowers of Covent Garden."

Yet even in the country he spent most of his time at his desk, poring over books and MSS., contenting himself with a stroll round his garden, though the village, or, on a particularly sunny day, along the banks of the lake. He neither fished, shot, nor hunted. A cottage at Battersea might have suited his tastes quite as well as a cottage at Keswick; and his fancy for Keswick was nothing more than the fancy of the polypus for its native sandstone. His nearest neighbours were Wordsworth and De Quincey; and Wordsworth and De Quincey were twenty miles away. Now and then a tourist or two might turn up at Greta Hall to get a glimpse of the author of "Thalaba," to look at his books, at his MSS., at his proofs, and to chat with him about poetry and politics, about his pranks at Westminster and Oxford, or about his dreams of Pantisocracy. But even with tourists of the friendliest sort Southey had no ambition to play the lion. He was polite, courteous, hospitable, and often gave up his time to his visitors as freely as if like Scott, he was reaping £2000 by a poem or a novel thrown off in six weeks, and this, too, when a box of books, fresh from Murray, might be lying in his hall awaiting his criticism for the next *Quarterly*. But this was all. Here he drew the line. Like Byron, he possessed no genius for friendship—kept most of his friends at arm's length, covered his feelings with a bearskin; talked very little except with the corps of his own fireside, and talked, when he talked at all, in monosyllables or epigrams, partly from hesitation and reserve, and partly from a horror of afterwards coming across the ghost of his ideas in the note-book of a Basil Hall or a De Quincey. He barricaded Greta Hall against the mass of tourists as if they were burglars, returning their cards to them by the dozen; and except in July and August the poets and the exciseman had the Lakes all to themselves. "You could not be more out of the way of society if you were cruising at sea than you are here. We never see a soul from November till June, except perhaps Wordsworth once or twice during the time," and De Quincey hints that even two out of three of Wordsworth's visits might have been interrupted without breaking the heart of Southey, and he might have added the third, too, if Words-



worth's purpose was to borrow books. Southey was a dandy with his books: Wordsworth was a barbarian. "You might as well turn a bear into a tulip garden as let Wordsworth loose in your library." He made havoc with books.

These six or seven months of the year made up what Southey called his working season. The months themselves he hated, and envied the white bears and dormice their privilege of coiling themselves up and sleeping through the hardest part of the year. "If their torpor could be introduced into the human system, it would be a most rare invention. I should roll myself up at the end of October, and give orders to be waked by the chimney-sweeper on May-day." But this hatred of the winter was balanced by his love of a bright fireside, of wax candles, of rugs, and long evenings, and thus he generally passed his time from November till June in poring over folios, in turning out epics, reviews, histories, Court odes, trifles for the annuals, parceling out his time by the hour and the minute with the strictness of a Trappist, and turning from poetry to history, from history to criticism, and from criticism to poetry again, or to correspondence, with a degree of regularity and method which was a marvel to men of the haphazard habits of Coleridge and De Quincey. By keeping five or six irons in the fire together in this way, and by taking up each in turn, Southey believed, like Scott, that he kept his mind in a freer and healthier state of activity, and got through more work in the long run than by brooding over a single subject and working out one task at a time. "I can't afford to do one thing at a time," this was his own explanation of his habits, "no, nor two neither; and it is only by doing many things that I contrive to do so much: for I cannot work long together at anything without hurting myself, and so I do everything by heats; then by the time I am tired of one, my inclination for another is come round." This, too, was his habit in reading. He read nothing systematically, thought out no questions systematically, but dipped into everything by turns, and posted up all his thoughts, all his facts, and all his authorities day by day with as much regularity as Charles Reade or a city broker, and then allowed his ideas to develop themselves when he took up his pen. "It is a very odd, but a marked characteristic of my mind—the very nose in the face of my intellect—that it is either

utterly idle or uselessly active, without its tools. I never enter into any regular train of thought unless the pen be in my hand; they then flow as fast as did the water from the rock in Horeb; but without that wand the source is dry." Yet with all this want of system in his reading, Southey never wrote or attempted to write upon any topic, even anonymously, without the fullest materials, and generally prepared for ten times more than he wrote. This, according to his own account, was his besetting sin: "a sort of miser-like love of accumulation. Like those persons who frequent sales, and fill their own houses with useless purchases, because they may want them some time or other; so am I forever making collections and storing up materials which may not come into use till the Greek Kalends. And this I have been doing for five and twenty years! It is true that I draw daily upon my boards, and should be poor without them; but, in prudence, I ought now to be working up these materials rather than adding to so much dead stock. . . . To give you some notion of my heterogeneous reading, I am at this time regularly going through Shakespeare, Mosheim's 'Ecclesiastical History,' Rabelais, Barrow, and Aitzema—a Dutch historian of the seventeenth century, in eleven huge full folios. The Dutchman I take after supper, with my punch. You are not to suppose that I read his work verbatim: I look at every page, and peruse those parts which relate to my own subjects, or which excite curiosity; and a great deal I have found there."

His materials, however, once well in hand, all his facts and authorities at his fingers' ends, Southey took up his pen without a second thought about the form that his article was to take, or about what is called "style." He left these to take care of themselves. "All I do is to write earnestly and straight to the mark, as I think and feel. I consider it no compliment when any one praises the simplicity of my prose writings; they are written, indeed, without any other immediate object than that of expressing what is to be said in the readiest and most perspicuous manner. But in the transcript (if I make one) and always in the proof-sheet, every sentence is then weighed upon the ear, euphony becomes a second object, and ambiguities are removed. But of what is called style, not a thought enters my head at any time. The rule is very short. It is, to express

myself, 1st, as perspicuously as possible; 2nd, as concisely as possible; 3rd, as impressively as possible. The difficulties in narration are to select and to arrange. The first may depend upon your judgment. For the second, my way is, when the matter does not dispose itself to my liking, and I cannot readily see how to connect one part with another naturally, or make an easy transition, to lay it aside. What I should bungle at now may be hit off to-morrow; so when I come to a stop in one work I lay it down and take up another." These were the only rules of style that Southey had; and yet perhaps no more vivid and transparent English is to be found than in the best of his prose writings—in his sketches, for instance, of Wesley and Nelson. His English is always pure, always fresh, always picturesque; and all that you regret in laying down his works is, that he was compelled to throw away the best years of his life in the hand-to-mouth work of writing for newspapers and reviews, instead of concentrating all the powers of his genius upon a work which should have found its place among the classics of English literature, and that the works upon which he wished to stake his fame as an author are upon subjects in which the mass of Englishmen take hardly the slightest interest. His histories of Portugal and Brazil are in themselves works of the highest merit; but who cares a straw about the history of Brazil or of Portugal? His articles in the *Quarterly Review* were read with great zest and interest when they appeared fresh from his desk, and Lord Liverpool thought so much of them that he wished to see Southey in Parliament, and to have him close at hand in Whitehall to consult upon questions of policy; but when these articles were collected together, a few years afterwards, hardly a dozen volumes were sold over Mr. Murray's counter.

This, too, has been the fate of most of his epics. They were but little read, even when they were fresh from the press, and now they are simply not read at all. This is Southey's own fault; for he had not a spark of passion in his nature. Imagination and an ear for the cadence of blank verse were the only poetic gifts that he possessed. His tone is higher and purer than Byron's, and his style far more artistic and finished than Scott's. But when you have said that you have said all; and, as it happens, purity and music do not constitute the highest ex-

cellence of poetry. The mechanism of Southey's poetry is perfect; and his description of scenery, his visions, and his sketches of character, are often vivid and picturesque in the highest degree. "Correct drawing—capital grouping—fine colouring," said Wilkie, standing before a picture; "but—but—but—it wants—it wants—it wants—what does it want? It wants" (with a snap of his finger) "it wants *that*." And this is what you feel in taking up Southey's poetry. You read, you admire—and you yawn; and yet you are at your wits' ends for an answer when you ask yourself why you yawn. But the answer lies upon the surface: Southey's poetry is deficient in personal interest. You can ask none of his heroes to supper. They are all more like statues in a museum than flesh and blood. All that you feel inclined to do at best is to admire the workmanship of the artist, and to walk on. You can trace out every scene that Scott and Byron had in their eye when they were writing the "Lady of the Lake" and "Childe Harold." It is all chalked out in Murray's Handbooks, and every one of Cook's excursionists knows it as well as he knows the front gates of his own garden. But the scenery of Southey's poems lies out of the beaten track, and all that you can do is to shut your eyes, picture it to yourself as best you can, and then allow it to slip out of your recollection. It wants the charms of personal association, of personal interest; and wanting this, of course it wants everything.

This, too, is the main fault of Southey's life. It was the fault of his character. You could not get at the man's heart; he kept all his feelings under a bearskin. Southey knew this as well as any one; knew what "a confused, visionary, impracticable sort of man" he must appear to those who did not belong to the corps of his fireside friends—how cold and self-contained his manners were; and this is the peculiarity that struck all his visitors and all the friends whom he met in the course of his visits to London. "To have that poet's head and shoulders," said Byron, after spending an evening with him at Holland House, "I would almost have written his Sapphics. He is the best-looking poet I have seen. He is intelligent, well-informed, and gentlemanlike—and—and—and—there you have his eulogy." It is not a very high eulogy, and it is a eulogy based upon nothing more than a shake of the hand, "a glass of wine," and ten minutes'

chat about the topics of the day. But in this sentence Byron hits off the first impressions of most people about Southey, and Southey was not the man to allow one person in a hundred to correct their first impressions by a second, or, better still, by a third.

From Blackwood's Magazine.  
ALICE LORRAINE.

A TALE OF THE SOUTH DOWNS.

CHAPTER XLIII.

(continued.)

THE Grower was filled with vast delight at the idea of marching into court and saying to all the best people of the town, "Pray allow me to pass, sir. My son is here somewhere, I believe. A fresh-coloured barrister, if you please, ma'am, with curly hair below his wig. Ah yes, there he is! But his lordship is whispering to him, I see; I must not interrupt them." And therefore, although his time might be worth a crown an hour, ere his son's fetched a penny, he strove in vain against the temptation to go over and look at Gregory. Before breakfast he fidgeted over his fields, and was up for being down upon every one—just to let them know that this sort of talent is hereditary. His workmen winked at one another and said (as soon as he was gone by) that he must have got out the wrong side of the bed, or else the old lady had been rating of him.

He (in the greatness of his thoughts) strode on, and from time to time worked his lips and cast sharp glances at every gate-post in the glow of imaginary speech. He could not feel that his son on the whole was a cleverer fellow than himself had been; and he played the traitor to knife and spade by hankering after gown and wig. "If my father," he said, "had only given me the chance I am giving Gregory, what might I be now? One of these same barons as terrify us with their javelins and gallows, and sit down with white tippits on. Or if my manners wasn't good enough for that, who could ever keep me from standing up and defying all the villains for to put me down so long as I spoke justice? And yet that might happen to be altogether wrong. I'm a great mind not to go over at all. My father was an honest man before me."

In this state of mind he sat down to breakfast, bright with reflections of Greg-

ory's glory, yet dashed irregularly with doubts of the honesty of its origin, till, in quite his old manner, he made up his mind to keep his own counsel about the thing and ride over to the county town, leaving Applewood none the wiser. For John Shorne had orders the night before to keep his message quiet, which an old market-hand could be trusted to do; and as for the ladies, the Grower was sure that they knew much less and cared much less about the assizes than about the washing-day. So he went to his stables about nine o'clock, with enough of his Sunday raiment on to look well but awake no excitement, and taking a good horse, he trotted away with no other token behind him except that he might not be home at dinner-time, but might bring a stranger to supper perhaps; and they ought to have something roasted.

"Pride," as a general rule, of course, "goeth before a fall;" but the father's pride in the present instance was so kindly and simple that nature waived her favourite law and stopped fortune from upsetting him. Although when he entered the court he did not find his son in confidential chat with the Lord Chief Justice, nor even in grave deliberation with a grand solicitor, but getting the worst of a conflict with an exorbitant fishmonger; and though the townspeople were not scared as much as they should have been by the wisdom of Gregory's collected front, neither did the latter look a quarter so wise as his father; yet a turn of luck put all things right, and even did substantial good. For the Grower at sight of his son was not to be stopped by any doorkeeper, but pushed his way into the circle of forensic dignity, and there saluted Gregory with a kiss on the band of his horsehair, and patted him loudly on the back, and challenging with a quick proud glance the opinions of the bar and bench, exclaimed in a good round Kentish tone—

"Well done, my boy! Hurrah for Greg! Gentlemen all, I'll be dashed if my son does not look about the wisest of all of 'ee."

Loud titters ran the horsehair round, and more solid laughter stirred the crowd, while the officers of the court cried "Hush!" and the Lord Chief Justice and his learned brother looked at the audacious Grower; while he, with one hand on each shoulder of his son, gazed around and nodded graciously.

"Who is this person—this gentleman, I mean?" asked the Lord Chief Justice,

correcting himself through courtesy to young Lovejoy.

"My father, my lord," answered Gregory like a man, though blushing like his sister Mabel. "He has not seen me for a long time, my lord, and he is pleased to see me in this position."

"Ay, that I am, my lord," said the Grower, making his bow with dignity. "I could not abide it at first; but his mother—ah, what would she say to see him now? Martin Lovejoy, my lord, of Old Applewood farm, very much at your lordship's service."

The judge was well pleased with this little scene, and kindly glanced at Gregory, of whom he had heard as a diligent pupil from his intimate friend Mr. Malahide; and being a man who missed no opportunity—as his present position pretty clearly showed—he said to the gratified franklin, "Mr. Lovejoy, I shall be glad to see you if you can spare me half a hour, after the court has risen."

These few words procured two briefs for Gregory at the next assizes, and thus set him forth on his legal course; though the judge of course wanted—as the bar knew well—rather to receive than to give advice. For his lordship was building a mansion in Kent and laying out large fruit-gardens, which he meant to stock with best sorts in the autumn; and it struck him that a professional grower, such as he knew Mr. Lovejoy to be, would be far more likely to advise him well, than the nurserymen who commend most abundantly whatever they have in most abundance.

When the Grower had laid down the law to the judge upon the subject of fruit-trees, and invited him to come and see them in bearing as soon as time allowed of it, he set off in high spirits with his son, who had discharged his duties, but did not dine with his brethren of the wig. To do the thing in proper style a horse was hired for Gregory, and they trotted gently, enjoying the evening, along the fairest road in England. Mr. Lovejoy was not very quick of perception, and yet it struck him once or twice that his son was not very gay, and did not show much pleasure at coming home; and at last he asked him suddenly—

"What are you thinking of, Greg, my boy? All this learning is as lead on the brain, as your poor grandfather used to say. A penny for your thoughts, my Lord Chief Justice."

"Well, father, I was not thinking of law-books, nor even of—well, I was

thinking of nothing, except poor little Mabel."

"Ay, ay, John has told you, I suppose, how little she eats, and how pale she gets. No wonder either, with all the young fellows plaguing and pothering after her so. Between you and me, Master Gregory, I hope to see her married by the malting-time. Now, mind, she will pay a deal of heed to you now that you are a full-blown counsellor: young Jenkins is the man, remember; no more about that young dashing Lorraine."

"No, father, no more about him," said Gregory, sadly and submissively. "I wish I had never brought him here."

"No harm, my son; no harm whatever. That little fancy must be quite worn out. Elias is not over bright, as we know; but he is a steady and worthy young fellow, and will make her a capital husband."

"Well, that is the main point after all—a steadfast man who will stick to her. But you must not hurry her, father, now. That would be the very way to spoil it."

"Hark to him, hark to him!" cried the Grower. "A counsellor with a vengeance! The first thing he does is to counsel his father how to manage his own household!"

Gregory did his best to smile; but the sunset in his eyes showed something more like the sparkle of a tear; and then they rode on in silence.

#### CHAPTER XLIV.

AFTER sunset, Mabel Lovejoy went a little way up the lane leading towards the Maidstone road, on the chance of meeting her father. The glow of the west glanced back from the trees, and twinkled in the hedgerows, and clustered in the traveller's joy, and here and there lay calmly waning on patches of mould that suited it. Good birds were looking for their usual roost, to hop in and out, and to talk about it, and to flap their wings and tails, until they should get sleepy. But the thrush, the latest songster now, since the riot of the nightingale, was cleaning his beak for his even-song; and a cock-robin, proud on the top of a pole, was clearing his throat, after feeding his young—the third family of the season! The bats were waiting for better light; but a great stag-beetle came out of the ivy, treading the air perpendicularly, with heavy antlers balanced.

All these things fluttered in Mabel's heart, and made her sad, yet taught her not to dwell too much in sadness. Here



were all things large and good, and going on for a thousand ages, with very little difference. When the cock-robin died, and the thrush was shot, there would be quite enough to come after them. When the leaf that glanced the sunset dropped, the bud for next year would be up in its place. Even if the trees went down before the storms of winter, fine young saplings grew between them, and would be glad of their light and air. Therefore, Mabel, weary not the ever-changing world with woe.

She did not reason thus, nor even think at all about it. From time to time she looked, and listened for her father's Galloway, and the heavy content of the summer night shed gentle patience round her. As yet she had no sense of wrong, no thought of love betrayed, nor even any dream of fickleness. Hilary was still to her the hero of all chivalry, the champion of the blameless shield, the Bayard of her life's romance. But now he lay wounded in a barbarous land, perhaps dead, with no lover to bury him. The pointed leaves of an old oak rustled, a rabbit ran away with his scut laid down, a weasel from under a root peered out, and the delicate throat of the sensitive girl quivered with bad omens—for she had not the courage of Alice Lorraine.

Through the slur of the night wind (such as it makes in July only), and the random lifting of outer leaves—too thick to be dealt with properly—and the quivering loops of dependent dangles—who really hoped that they might sleep at last—and then the fall-away of all things from their interruption to the sweetest of all sweet relapse, and the deepest depth of quietude; Mabel heard, through all of these, the lively sound of horses' feet briskly ringing on a rise of ground. For the moment some folly of fancy took her, so that she leaned against a gate, and would have been glad to get over it. She knew how unfit she was to meet him. At last he was coming, with her father, to her! She had not a thing on fit to look at. And he must have seen such girls in Spain. Oh, how cruel of him to come, and take her by surprise so! But perhaps after all it was herself, and not her clothes, he would care for. However, let him go on to the house—if she kept well into the gate-post—and then she might slip in, and put on her dress—the buff frock he admired so; and if it was much too large in the neck, he would know for whose sake it became so.

"What! Mabel, Mab, all out here alone; and trying to hide from her own brother!"

Gregory jumped from his horse, and caught her; and even in the waning light was frightened as she looked at him. Then she fell on his neck, and kissed and kissed him. Bitter as her disappointment was, it was something to have so dear a brother; and she had not seen him for so long, and he must have some news of Hilary. He felt her face, all wet with tears, turned up to him over and over again, and he felt how she trembled, and how slim she was, and he knew in a moment what it meant; and in his steadfast heart arose something that must have been a deep oath, but for much deeper sorrow. And then, like a man, he controlled it all.

"I will walk with you, darling, and lead my horse; or, father, perhaps you will take the bridle, and tell mother to be ready for us. Mab is so glad to see me that she must not be hurried over it."

"Bless my heart!" said the Grower; "what a heap of gossip you chits of children always have. And nothing pleases you better than keeping your valued parents in the dark."

With this little grumble he rode on, leading Gregory's horse, and shouting back, at the corner of the lane, "Now don't be long with your confab, children; I have scarcely had a bit to eat to-day, and I won't have my supper spoiled for you."

Gregory thought it a very bad sign that Mabel sent no little joke after her father, as she used to do. Then he threw his firm arm around her waist, and led her homeward silently. But even by his touch and step she knew that there was no good news for her.

"Oh, Gregory, what is it all about?" she cried, with one hand on his shoulder, and her soft eyes deeply imploring him. "You must have some message for me at last. It is so long since I had any. He is so kind, he would never leave me without any message all this time, unless—unless—"

"He is wounded, you know; how can he write?" asked Gregory, with some irony. "Until he was wounded, how many times did I bring you fifty thousand kisses?"

"O's, it is not that I was thinking of, though I am sure that was very nice of him. Ah, you need not be laughing, Gregory dear, as if you would not do the

same to Phyllis. But do tell me what you have heard, dear brother; I can put up with anything better than doubt."

"Are you quite sure of that, darling Mab? Can you make up your mind for some very bad news?"

"I have not been used to it, Gregory. I—I have always been so happy. Is he dead? Only say that he is not dead?"

"No, he is not dead. Sit down a moment, under this old willow, while I fetch some water for you."

"I cannot sit down till I know the worst. If he is not dead, he is dying of his wounds. Oh my darling Hilary!"

"He is not dying; he is much better, and will soon rejoin his regiment."

"Then why did you frighten me so, for nothing? Oh how cruel it was of you! I really thought I was going to faint—a thing I have never done in my life. You bring me the best news in the world, and you spoil it by your way of telling it."

"Don't be in such a hurry, darling. I wish that was all I have to tell you. But you have plenty of pride now, haven't you?"

"I—I don't know at all, I am sure; but I suppose I am the same as other girls."

"If you thought that Lorraine was unworthy of you, you could make up your mind to forget him, I hope."

"I never could do such a thing, because I never could dream it of Hilary. He is my better in every way. From feeling myself unworthy of him I might perhaps try to do without him; but, as to forgetting him—never!"

"Not even if he forgot you, Mabel?"

"He cannot do it;" she answered proudly. "He has promised never to forget me. And no gentleman ever breaks a promise."

"Then Hilary Lorraine is no gentleman. He has forgotten you; and is deeply in love with a Spanish lady."

Kind and good brother as he was, he had told his bad news too abruptly in his indignation. Mabel looked up faintly at him; and was struck in the heart so that she could not speak. But the first of the tide of a sea of tears just moved beneath her eyelids.

"Now, come in to supper, that's a dear;" whispered Gregory, frightened by the silent springs of sorrow. "If you are not at the table, poor darling, everything will be upside down, and everybody uncomfortable." He spoke like a fool, confounding coarsely her essence and her instincts. And perhaps some little

turn of contrast broke the seals of anguish. She looked up, and she smiled, to show her proper sense of duty; and then (without knowledge of what she did) she pressed her right hand to her heart, and leaned on a rail, and fell forward into a torrent of shameless weeping. She was as a little child once more, whose soul is overwhelmed with woe. And all along the hollow hedges went the voice of sobbing.

"Now, do shut up," said Gregory, when he had borne it as long as a man can bear. "What is the good of it? Mabel, now, I thought you had more sense than this. After all, it may be false, you know."

"It is not false; it is what I have felt. You would not have told me, if it had been false. It has come from some dreadfully low mean person, who spies him only too accurately."

"Now, Mabel, you are quite out of yourself. You never did say nasty things. There is nobody spying Lorraine at all. I should doubt if he were worth it. Only it is well known in the regiment (and I had it on the best authority) that he—that he——"

"That he does what? And is that all your authority? I am beginning to laugh at the whole of it."

"Then laugh, my dear Mabel. I wish that you would. It is the true way of regarding such things."

"I daresay it may be for you great men. And you think that poor women can do the same; when indeed there is nothing to laugh at. I scarcely think that you ought to suggest the idea of laughing, Gregory. The best authority, you said. Is that a thing to laugh at?"

"Well, perhaps—perhaps it was not the best authority, after all. It was only two officers of his regiment, who know my friend Capper, who lives in chambers."

"A gentleman living in chambers, indeed, to revile poor Hilary who has been through the wall! And two officers of his regiment! Greg, I did think that you had a little more sense."

"Well, it seems to me pretty good evidence, Mabel. Would you rather have them of another regiment?"

"Certainly not. I am very glad that they were of poor Hilary's regiment; because that proves they were storytellers. There is not an officer in his own regiment that can help being jealous of him. After the noble things he has done! How dull you must be, not to

see it all ! I must come to the assizes, instead of you. Well, what a cry I have had, for nothing !”

“Mabel, you are a noble girl. I am sure you deserve the noblest sweetheart.”

“And I have got him,” said Mabel, smiling ; “and I won’t let him go. And I won’t believe a single word against him, until he tells me that it is true himself. Do you think that he would not have written to me, even with the stump of his left hand, and said, ‘Mabel, I am tired of you ; Mabel, I have seen prettier girls, and more of my own rank in life ; Mabel, you must try to forget me’ ? When he does that, I shall cry in earnest ; and there will be no more Mabel.”

“Come into supper, my pet,” said Gregory. And she came into supper with her sweet eyes shining.

#### CHAPTER XLV.

NEAR the head of a pass of the Sierra Morena, but out of the dusty track of war, there stood a noble mansion, steadfast from and to unknown ages. The Moorish origin, here and there, was boldly manifest among Spanish, French, and Italian handiwork, both of repair and enlargement. The building must have looked queer at times, with new and incongruous elements ; but the summer sun and the storms of winter had enforced among them harmony. So that now this ancient castle of the Counts of Zamora was a grand and stately pile in tone, as well as height and amplitude.

The position also had been chosen well ; for it stood near the line of the watershed, commanding northward the beautiful valley of the Guadiana, and southward the plains of the Gaudalquivir ; so that, as the morning mists rolled off, the towers of Merida might be seen, and the high ground above Badajoz ; while far on the opposite sky-line flashed the gilt crosses of Cordova ; and sometimes, when the distance lifted, a glimpse was afforded of the sunbeams quivering over Seville. And here, towards the latter end of August 1812, Hilary Lorraine was a guest, and all his wishes law — save one.

The summer had been unusually hot, even for the South of Spain ; and a fifth part of the British army was said to be in hospital. This may have been caused in some degree by their habits of drinking and plundering ; which even Lord Wellington declared himself unfit to cope with. To every division of his army

he appointed twenty provost-marshals ; whereas two hundred would not have been enough to hang these heroes punctually. The patriotic Spaniards also could not see why they should not have some comfort from their native land. Therefore they overran it well, with bands of fine fellows of a warlike cast, and having strong tendencies towards good things ; and these were of much use to the British, not only by stopping the Frenchmen’s letters, but also by living at large and gratis, so that the British, who sometimes paid, became white sheep by the side of them.

One of the fiercest of these guerillas — or *partidas*, as they called themselves — was the notorious Mina ; and for lieutenant he had a man of lofty birth, and once, good position, a certain Don Alcides d’Alcar, a nephew of the Count of Zamora.

This man had run through every real of a large inheritance, and had slain many gentlemen in private brawls ; and his country was growing too hot to hold him, when the French invasion came. The anarchy that ensued was just the very thing to suit him ; and he raised a small band of uncertain young fellows, and took to wild life in the mountains. At first they were content to rob weak foreigners without escort ; but thriving thus and growing stronger, very soon they enlarged their views. And so they improved, from year to year, in every style of plunder ; and being authorized by the Juntas, and favoured by British generals, did harm on a large scale to their country ; and when they were tired of that, to the French.

Hilary had heard from Camilla much about Alcides d’Alcar ; but Claudia had never spoken of him — only blushing proudly when the patriot’s name was mentioned. Camilla said that he was a man of extraordinary size and valour ; enough to frighten anybody, and much too large to please her. And here she glanced at Hilary softly, and dropped her eyes, in a way to show that he was of the proper size to please her — if he cared to know it. He did not care a piastre to know it ; but was eager about Alcides. “Oh, then, you had better ask Claudia,” Camilla replied, with a sisterly look of very subtle import ; and Claudia, with her proud walk, passed, and glanced at them both disdainfully.

Now the victory of Salamanca, and his sorry absence thence, and after that the triumphant entry of the British into

Madrid — although they were soon turned out again — began to work in Hilary's mind, and make him eager to rejoin. Three weeks ago he had been reported almost fit to do so, and had been ready to set forth; but Spanish ladies are full of subtlety, and Camilla stopped him. A cock of two lustrous had been slain in some of the outer premises; and old Teresina stole down in the night, and behold, in the morning, the patient's wound had most evidently burst forth again. Hilary was surprised, but could not doubt the testimony of his eyes; neither could the licentiate of medicine now attending him.

But now, in the breath of the evening breeze, setting inland from the Atlantic, Lorraine was roving for the latest time in the grounds of Monte Argento. At three in the morning he must set forth, with horses provided by his host, on his journey to headquarters. The Count was known as a patriotic, wise, and wealthy noble, both of whose sons were fighting bravely in the Spanish army; and through his influence, Lorraine had been left to hospitality instead of hospitals, which in truth had long been overworked. But Major Clumps had returned to his duty long ago, with a very sore heart, when he found from the Donna Camilla that "she liked him very much indeed, but could never induce herself to love him." With the sharp eye of jealousy, that brave Major spied in Hilary the cause of this, and could not be brought to set down his name any more in his letters homeward; or at any rate, not for a very long time.

Lorraine, in the calm of this summer evening, with the heat-clouds moving eastward, and the ripple of refreshment softly wooing the burdened air, came to a little bower, or rather a natural cove of rock and leaf, wherein (as he knew) the two fair sisters loved to watch the eventide weaving hill and glen with shadow before the rapid twilight waned. There was something here that often brought his native Southdowns to his mind, though the foliage was so different. Instead of the rich deep gloss of the beech, the silvery stir of the aspen-tree, and the feathery droop of the graceful birch, here was the round monotony of the olive and the lemon-tree, the sombre depth of the ilex, and the rugged lines of the cork-tree, relieved, it is true, just here and there by the symmetry of the silver fir and the elegant fan of the palm. But what struck Lorraine, and always irked him under these southern trees and skies, was the

way in which the foliage cut its outline over sharply; there was none of that hovering softness, and sweetly fluctuating margin, by which a tree inspires affection as well as admiration.

Unluckily now Lorraine had neither affection nor admiration left for the innocent beauty of nature's works. His passion for Claudia was become an overwhelming and noxious power, a power that crushed for the time and scattered all his better elements. He had ceased to be light-hearted and to make the best of everything, to love the smiles of children, and to catch a little joke and return it. He had even ceased to talk to himself, as if his conscience had let him know that he was not fit to be talked to. All the waking hours he passed, in the absence of his charmer, were devoted to the study of Spanish; and he began to despise his own English tongue. "There is no melody in it, no rhythm, no grand sonorous majesty," he used to complain; "it is like its owners, harsh, uncouth, and countrified." After this, what can any one do but pity him for his state of mind?

Whether Claudia returned his passion — for such it was rather than true affection — was still a very doubtful point, though the most important in all the world. Generally she seemed to treat him with a pleased contempt, as if he were a pleasant boy, though several years older than herself. Her clear dark eyes were of such a depth that, though she was by no means chary of their precious glances, he had never been able to reach that inmost light which comes from the very heart. How different from somebody's — of whom he now thought less and less, and vainly strove to think no more, because of the shame that pierced him! But if this Spanish maiden really did not care about him, why did she try, as she clearly did, to conquer and subdue him? Why did she shoot such glances at him as Spanish eyes alone can shoot; why bend her graceful neck so sweetly, slope her delicate head so gently, showing the ripe firm curve of cheek; and with careless dancings let her raven hair fall into his? Hilary could not imagine why; but poor Camilla knew too well. If ever Camilla felt for a moment the desirability of any one, Claudia (with her bolder manners, and more suddenly striking beauty, and less dignified love of conquest) might be relied upon to rush in and attract the whole attention.

Hilary found these lovely sisters in.



their little cove of rock, where the hot wind seldom entered through the fringe of hanging frond. They had a clever device of their own for welcoming the Atlantic breeze by means of a silken rope which lifted all the screen of fern, and creeper, and of grey rock-ivy.

Now the screen was up, and the breeze flowing in, meeting a bright rill bubbling out (whose fountain was in the living rock), and the clear obscurity was lit with forms as bright as poetry. Camilla's comely head had been laid on the bosom of her sister, as if she had made some soft appeal for mercy or indulgence there. And Claudia had been moved a little, as the glistening of her eyelids showed, and a tender gleam in her expression — the one and the only thing required to enrich her brilliant beauty. And thus, without stopping to think, she came up to Hilary, with a long kind glance, and gave a little sigh worth more than even that sweet glance to him.

"Alas! dear captain," she said in Spanish, which Hilary was quite pat with now; "we have been lamenting your brief departure. How shall we live when you are lost?"

"What cruelty of yourselves to think! The matter of your inquiry should be the chance of my survival."

"Well said!" she exclaimed. "You English are not so very stupid after all. Why do you not clap your hands, Camilla?"

Camilla, being commanded thus, made a weak attempt with her little palms; but her heart was down too low for any brisk concussion of flesh or air.

"I believe, Master Captain," said Claudia, throwing herself gracefully on a white bull's hide — shaped as a chair on the slopes of moss — "that you are most happy to make your escape from this long and dull imprisonment. Behold, how little we have done for you after all the brave things you have done for us!"

"Ah, no," said Camilla, gazing sadly at the "captain," who would not gaze at her; "it is true that we have done but little. Yet, Senhor, we meant our best."

"Your kindness to me has been wonderful, magnificent!" answered Hilary. "The days I have passed under your benevolence have been the happiest of my life."

Hereupon Camilla turned away, to hide her tenderness of tears. But Claudia had no exhibition, except a little smile to hide.

"And will you come again?" she

asked. "Will you ever think of us any more, in the scenes of your grand combats, and the fierce delight of glory?"

"Is it possible for me to forget?" — began Hilary in his noblest Spanish — "your constant care of a poor stranger, your never-fatigued attention to him, and thy — thy saving of his life? To thee I owe my life, and will at any moment render it."

This was a little too much for Camilla, who really had saved him; and being too young to know how rarely the proper person gets the praise, she gathered up her things to go.

"Darling Claudia," she exclaimed, "I can do nothing at all without my little silver spinetta. This steel thing is so rusty that it fills my work with canker. You know the danger of rusty iron, Claudia; is it not so?"

"She is cross," said Claudia, as her sister with gentle dignity left the cove. "What can have made her so cross to-day?"

"The saints are good to me," Hilary answered, little suspecting the truth of the case: "they grant me the chance of saying what I have long desired to say to you."

"To me, Senhor!" cried the maiden, displaying a tremulous glow in her long black eyes, and managing to blush divinely, and then in the frankness of her nature caring not to conceal a sigh. "It cannot be to me, Senhor!"

"To you — to you, of all the worlds, of all the heavens, and all the angels!" The fervent youth fell upon his knees before his lovely idol, and seized the hand she began to press to her evidently bounding heart, and drew her towards him, and thought for the moment that she was glad to come to him. Then, in his rapture, he stroked aside her loose and deliciously fragrant hair, and waited, with all his heart intent, for the priceless glance — to tell him all. But, strongly moved as she was, no doubt, by his impassioned words and touch, and the sympathy of youthful love, she kept her oval eyelids down, as if she feared to let him see the completion of his conquest. Then, as he fain would have had her nearer, and folded in his eager arms, she gently withdrew, and turned away; but allowed him to hear one little sob, and to see tears irrepressible.

"You loveliest of all lovely beings," began Lorraine, in very decent Spanish, such as herself had taught him; "and at the same time, you best and dearest —"

"Stop, Senhor," she whispered, gazing sadly, and then playfully, at this prize of her eyes and slave of her lips; "I must not allow you to say so much. You will leave us to-morrow, and forget it all. What is the use of this fugitive dream?"

Hereupon the young soldier went through the usual protestations of truth, fidelity, devotion, and eternal memory; so thoroughly hurried and carried away, that he used in another tongue the words poured forth scarcely a year ago to a purer, truer, and nobler love.

"Alas!" the young Donna now mimicked, in voice and attitude, some deserted one; "to how many beautiful English maidens have these very noble words been used! You cavaliers are all alike. I will say no more to you now, brave captain; the proof of truth is not in words, but in true and devoted actions. You know our proverb—'The cork is noisiest when it leaves the bottle.' If you would have me bear you in mind, you must show that you remember me."

"At the cost of my life, of my good repute, of all that I have in the world, or shall have, of everything but my hope of you."

"I shall remember these words, my captain; and perhaps I shall put them to the test some day."

She gave him her soft and trembling hand, and he pressed it to his lips, and sought to impress a still more loving seal; but she said, "Not yet, not yet, oh beloved one!" Or whether she said "oh enamoured one," he could not be quite certain. And before he could do or say anything more, she had passed from his reach, and was gliding swiftly under the leafy curtain of that ever-sacred bower. "She is mine, she is mine!" cried young Lorraine, as he caught up the velvet band of her hair, and covered it with kisses, and then bestowed the same attentions on the white bull-skin, where her form had lain. "The loveliest creature ever seen is mine! What can I have done to deserve her?"

While he lay in the ecstasy of his triumph, the loveliest creature ever seen stole swiftly up a rocky path, beset with myrtle and cornelwood, and canopied with climbers. After some intricate turns, and often watching that no one followed her, she came to the door of a little hut embosomed in towering chestnut-trees. The door was open, and a man of great stature was lounging on a couch too short for his legs, and smoking a cigar of proportions more judiciously

adapted to his own. Near one of his elbows stood a very heavy carbine, and a swore three-quarters of a fathom long; and by his other hand lay a great pitcher empty and rolled over.

As the young Donna's footfall struck his ears, he leaped from his couch, and cocked his gun; then, recognizing the sound, replaced it, and stood indolently at his door.

"At last, you are come then!" he said, with an accent decidedly of the northern provinces (not inborn, however, but caught from comrades); "I thought that you meant to let me die of thirst. You forget that I have lost the habit of this execrable heat."

Claudia looked up at her cousin Don Alcides d'Alcar—or, as he loved to be called, "the great brigadier"—with a very different gaze from any poor Hilary could win of her. To this man alone the entire treasures of her heart were open; for him alone her glorious eyes no longer sparkled, flashed, or played with insincere allurements; but beamed and shone with depths of light, and profusion of profoundest love.

"Darling," she said, as she stood on tiptoe, and sweetly pacified him; "I have laboured in vain to come sooner to you. Your commands took a long time to execute, sir. You men can scarcely understand such things. And that tiresome Camilla hung about me; I thought my occasion would never arrive. But all has gone well: he is my slave forever."

"You did not allow him to embrace you, I trust?" Before he could finish his scowl, she stopped his mouth and reassured him.

"Is it to be imagined? A miserable shaveling Briton!" But, though she looked so indignant, she knew how near she had been to that ignominy.

"You are as clever as you are lovely," answered the brigadier, well pleased. "But I die of thirst, my beloved one. Fly swiftly to Teresina's store; for I dare not venture till the night has fallen. Would that you could manage your father as you wind those striplings round your spindle!"

For the Count of Zamora had given orders that his precious nephew should be shot, if ever found upon land of his. So Claudia took the empty pitcher, to fetch another half-skin of wine, as well as some food, for the great brigadier; and having performed this duty met the infatuated Hilary, for the last time, at

her father's board. She wished him good-night and good-bye, with a glance of deep meaning and kind encouragement; while the fair Camilla bent over his hand, and then departed to her chamber, with full eyes and an empty heart.

From The N. Y. Evening Post of Nov. 3.  
1794—1874.

#### MR. BRYANT'S BIRTHDAY.

##### A SIMPLE AND NATIONAL COMMEMORATION.

THE eightieth anniversary of the birthday of Mr. Bryant was the occasion yesterday of a greeting of his friends, which partook so much of a public character that a simple narrative of some of the particulars is due to our readers.

An informal meeting of a number of gentlemen was held in this city a few weeks ago, to consider how the general desire to commemorate the anniversary might find a suitable expression. At this meeting the suggestion was made that a silver vase of original design and choice workmanship symbolizing in its sculpture the character of Mr. Bryant's life and writings, should be procured by a popular subscription, to be ultimately placed in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. By the request of numerous friends of Mr. Bryant, residing both here and elsewhere, the suggestion was also adopted that an address should be drawn for their signature, to express to him their friendship.

In pursuance of the first suggestion, a committee, of whom the following is a list, were organized to execute the project of the commemorative vase: Jonathan Sturges, of New York City, Chairman: Samuel Osgood, Daniel Huntington, John Taylor Johnston, William H. Appleton, Asher B. Durand, William T. Blodgett, William M. Everts, George Ripley, Frederick A. P. Barnard, William Butler Duncan, Benjamin H. Field, Henry W. Bellows, Howard Crosby, Theodore Roosevelt, Frederick De Peyster, Henry C. Potter, William Adams and Franklin H. Delano, of New York City; Henry E. Pierrepont and A. A. Low, of Brooklyn; John Bigelow of Highland Falls, N. Y.; Bayard Taylor, of Pennsylvania; Edward Everett Hale, of Boston; Edwin Harwood, of New Haven; James L. Claghorn, of Philadelphia; James H. Latrobe, of Baltimore; Edwin C. Larned, of Chicago; William G. Eliot,

of St. Louis; Henry Probasco, of Cincinnati; Ogden Hoffman of San Francisco; Alfred Haven, of Portsmouth, N. H.; and George F. Hoar of Worcester, Mass.; George Cabot Ward, of New York City, treasurer; Wentworth S. Butler, of New York City, Secretary.

In accordance with the second suggestion, the following address was prepared by the Rev. Dr. Samuel Osgood, for the signature of Mr. Bryant's friends:

November 3, 1874.

*William Cullen Bryant:*

Honored and Dear Sir:—We, your friends and fellow-citizens, congratulate you upon completing your eightieth year in such vigor of body and mind. We give you our heartiest wishes for your continued health and happiness, and we inform you respectfully of the intention to embody in a commemorative vase, of original design and choice workmanship, the lessons of your literary and civic career in its relations with our country, whose nature, history, liberty, law, and conscience you have so illustrated. We believe that such a work will be an expressive fact of our coming National Centennial, and a permanent treasure of our Metropolitan Museum of Art. We only add that we desire that this tribute of gratitude should come from your friends throughout the country, without distinction of party or section, and that our American women shall be encouraged to unite in the act, since our mothers, wives, and daughters are ready to declare their obligation to you for the pure language and sentiment which you have given to the homes and the schools of the nation.

Mr. Bryant was yesterday at work at his editorial desk in the *Evening Post* building until noon. Between one and two o'clock in the afternoon Mr. Sturges, with many of his associates in the committee, and other friends, presented to him, at his house in Sixteenth Street in this city, a copy of the address, bearing several hundreds of signatures of names illustrious in almost every honourable pursuit in this community, and at the same time other copies which had up to yesterday morning been returned to the committee with signatures from Chicago, St. Louis, Philadelphia, and other centres of American population, culture and enterprise. The proceedings were all simple and informal. Mr. Bryant was accompanied by his daughters—Mrs. Parke Godwin and Miss Julia Bryant—and among the gentlemen in company with Mr. Sturges were the Rev. Drs. William Adams, Henry W. Bellows, Howard Crosby and Samuel Osgood; Mr. Daniel Huntington, Mr. Samuel J. Tilden, Mr. A.

A. Low, Mr. Benjamin H. Field, Mr. Frederick De Peyster, Mr. George Cabot Ward, Mr. John H. Gourlie, Mr. Albert G. Browne, Jr., Professor Van Amringe, of Columbia College; Mr. Wentworth S. Butler and Mr. Gilbert L. Beeckman. In delivering to Mr. Bryant the copy of the address Mr. Sturges said:

"We have come, dear Mr. Bryant, to congratulate you upon reaching the ripe age of eighty years in such vigor of health and intellect; to thank you for all the good work that you have done for your country and for mankind; and to give you our best wishes for your happiness. For more than sixty years you have been an author, and from your first publication to your last you have given to us and our children the best thought and sentiment in the purest language of the English-speaking race. For more than fifty years you have been a journalist, and advocated the duties as well as the rights of men, with all the genuine freedom, without any of the license, of our age, in an editorial wisdom that has been a blessing to our daughters as well as our sons. You have been a good citizen and true patriot, ready to bear your testimony to the worth of your great literary contemporaries and steadfast from first to last in your loyalty to the liberty and order of the nation. You have stood up manfully for the justice and humanity that are the hope of mankind and the commandment of God. We thank you for ourselves, for our children, for our country and for our race, and we commend you to the providence and grace of Him who has always been with you, and who will be with you to the end.

"We present to you this address of congratulation with signatures from all parts of the country, and with the proposal of a work of commemorative art that shall be sculptured with ideas and images from your poems, and be full of the grateful remembrances and affections of the friends who love you as a friend, and the nation that honors you as the patriarch of our literature."

Mr. Bryant then made the following brief and evidently unpremeditated reply:

"Mr. Sturges and Gentlemen: I thank you for the kind words referring to me in the address which has just been read, and am glad that you find it possible to speak of what I have done with so much indulgence. I have lived long, as it may seem to most people, however short the

term appears to me when I look back upon it. In that period have occurred various most important changes, both political and social, and on the whole I am rejoiced to say that they have, as I think, improved the condition of mankind. The people of civilized countries have become more enlightened and enjoy a greater degree of freedom. They have become especially more humane and sympathetic, more disposed to alleviate each others' sufferings. This is the age of charity. In our day charity has taken forms unknown to former ages, and occupied itself with the cure of evils which former generations neglected.

"I remember the time when Bonaparte filled the post of First Consul in the French republic—for I began early to read the newspapers. I saw how that republic grew into an empire; how that empire enlarged itself by successive conquests on all sides, and how the mighty mass, collapsing by its own weight, fell into fragments. I have seen from that time to this change after change take place, and the result of them all, as it seems to me, is that the liberties and rights of the humbler classes have been more and more regarded, both in framing and executing the laws. For the greater part of my own eighty years it seemed to me, and I think it seemed to all, that the extinction of slavery was an event to be accomplished by a remote posterity. But all this time its end was approaching, and suddenly it sank into a bloody grave. The union of the Italian principalities under one head, and the breaking up of that anomaly in politics, the possession of political power by a priesthood, seemed, during the greater part of the fourscore years of which I have spoken, an event belonging to a distant and uncertain future, yet was it drawing near by steps not apparent to the common eyes, and it came in our own day. The people of Italy willed it, and the people were obeyed.

"There is yet a time which good men earnestly hope and pray for—the day when the population of the civilized world shall prepare for a universal peace by disbanding the enormous armies which they keep in camps and garrisons, and sending their soldiery back to the fields and workshops from which, if the people were wise, their sovereigns never should have withdrawn them. Let us hope that this will be one of the next great changes.

"Gentlemen, again I thank you for your kindness. I have little to be proud



of, but when I look round upon those whom this occasion has brought together, I confess that I am proud of my friends."

While Mr. Bryant was speaking the following telegram was received from Governor Dix:

ALBANY, November 3, 1874.

To William Cullen Bryant:

I unite with your friends in the city of New York in cordial congratulations on this anniversary of your birth.

JOHN A. DIX.

It is impossible to give but a small part of the names of the signers of the address, but the following hasty and imperfect selection will indicate the general, spontaneous and cordial character of their token of respect, esteem, and friendship:

*New York City*: Benjamin G. Arnold, George S. Appleton, Charles Butler, James Brown, Wm. A. Butler, D. W. Bishop, O. B. Bunce, P. T. Barnum, Julius Bing, Robert Carter, J. D. Champlin, George S. Coe, C. E. Detmold, Bowie Dash, W. J. Easton, Cortlandt de P. Field, Alfred H. Guernsey, Thomas Hillhouse, Roswell D. Hitchcock, Rossiter Johnson, William W. Kip, Richard A. McCurdy, Robert Morris, L. P. Morton, W. N. McVickar, R. Heber Newton, George Opdyke, William Orton, Richard Patrick, O. H. Palmer, Charles A. Peabody, T. M. Peters, George Ripley, John Cotton Smith, Joseph Seligman, Isaac Sherman, W. T. G. Shedd, Philip Schaff, C. C. Tiffany, Hugh Miller Thompson, Sinclair Tousey, W. M. Vermilye, Frederick S. Winston, George D. Wildes, John E. Williams, James Grant Wilson, Edward A. Washburn, E. L. Youmans.

*Brooklyn*: Fr. Schroeder, H. B. Claflin, E. H. R. Lyman, Demas Barnes, P. C. Cornell, Alden Wattles, Chas. P. Chapin, C. T. Christensen, Josiah O. Low, James A. Briggs.

*St. Louis*: General William T. Sherman, and General Whipple and Colonels Audenreid and Tourtellotte, of his staff; Wayman Crow, John R. Shepley, James E. Yeatman, S. T. Glover, Henry Hitchcock, Henry Pomeroy.

*Chicago*: Lyman Trumbull, Robert Collyer, David Swing, Horace White, W. E. Doggett, Charles Hitchcock, Charles A. Dupee, W. B. Ogden, Wirt Dexter, F. B. Peabody.

*Philadelphia*: A. J. Drexel, J. B. Lipincott, George W. Childs.

*Worcester (Mass.)*: Alexander H. Bul-

lock, Joseph Sargent, T. L. Nelson, George W. Richardson, Henry Chapin, W. W. Rice, E. B. Stoddard, Adin Thayer. *Williamstown (Mass.)*: Mark Hopkins, P. A. Chadbourne, Joseph White, Arthur L. Perry, Sanborn Tenney, Henry L. Sabin.

*Providence (R. I.)*: Seth Padelford, Bishop Thomas M. Clark.

*Hartford (Conn.)*: Joseph R. Hawley.

*New Haven (Conn.)*: Charles R. Ingersoll, Noah Porter.

*Stamford (Conn.)*: C. S. Henry.

*Catskill (N. Y.)*: Samuel H. Cornell

*Rye (N. Y.)*: R. R. Anthony.

*Garden City (N. Y.)*: John E. Irwin.

*Flushing (N. Y.)*: F. Elliman.

*Troy (N. Y.)*: D. L. Boardman.

*Bergen (N. J.)*: George Z. Gray, Thomas B. Bickwell.

*Newark (N. J.)*: E. C. Benedict, S. W. Corwin, S. H. Johnson.

*Montclair (N. J.)*: J. Romeyn Bury, Jr., George H. Ripley.

*Orange (N. J.)*: Charles A. Meguire, J. M. Meredith.

*Roselle (N. J.)*: M. R. Hibbard.

*Millburn (N. J.)*: J. R. Hopkins.

*New Brunswick (N. J.)*: Oscar Johnson, Jr.

*Morristown (N. J.)*: John D. Stewart.

*Plainfield (N. J.)*: Frederick E. Busby, R. B. Brown.

*Tenafly (N. J.)*: George F. Lyman.

*Minnesota*: Bishop H. B. Whipple.

*Dacotah*: Bishop William H. Hare.

*Vienna (Austria)*: John Jay.

The committee received letters from Mr. John Taylor Johnston and Bishop H. C. Potter, of their number, regretting their unavoidable absence on the occasion. The following is the letter of Bishop Potter:

GRACE CHURCH RECTORY, }  
Monday evening.

Dear Sir:—I am heartily sorry that tomorrow is the last day of the session of our General Convention, and that my engagements as secretary of the House of Bishops will require my incessant attention throughout the day.

I cannot, therefore, accompany the committee who are to wait upon Mr. Bryant, but my sympathies will follow them on their most appropriate and becoming errand, and I shall account it a kindness if you will convey to Mr. Bryant my congratulations and the expression of my unfeigned regret that I am prevented from tendering them in person.

Very faithfully, yours,  
H. C. POTTER.

Jonathan Sturges, Esq.

A number of poems addressed to Mr. Bryant were also received by the committee, among them the two following, the first from Mr. Charles K. Tuckerman, now in London, England, and the second from Mr. Horatio N. Powers, of Chicago :

TO WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT,

ON THE EIGHTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF HIS BIRTHDAY.

*A Tribute from an American Abroad.*

The silver wheels of thy melodious years  
Have rolled thee to the laurel post again :  
Again our eager hands renew the crown ;  
Again our mingling voices utter thanks.  
We thank thee for the plentitude of fame  
Which riseth o'er the landscape of thy life  
Like the New England pine, serenely strong,  
Filling the autumn air with scent of balm.  
We thank thee for the good thou hast conferred

At times when poets' thoughts are best for man,

Speeding the idle hour with swift delight,  
Soothing the sorrowing hour with calm of peace.

We thank thee in their names, the weary ones,  
When, lying sleepless with solicitude,  
They have bethought them of thy melody—  
Those unaffected, simply-flowing strains,  
So clear in their conception, yet so vast  
In comprehensive wisdom— and have risen  
And sought the book, and with thee moved awhile

Over the meadows and by running streams  
And under fragrant boughs of singing trees  
Till, lost, like children, in the sylvan scene,  
They've closed the page and dreamed they had no cares.

Thy walk has ever been towards heaven, Great Heart !

And when thou goest in, methinks the sound  
Of upper voices will accord with thine  
As if a missing tone were found again.  
Even in thy youth, alone and undismayed,  
Fair Nature found thee on her mountain heights

Singing the songs of freedom : or in groves—  
Those consecrated temples of thy choice—  
Chanting the unpremeditated prayer  
Born of poetic faith and reverend love.  
Not thine the dusty-footed pilgrimage  
In quest of inspiration ; no far clime  
Lends thee its book of beauty ; but at home,  
In the warm midst of its familiar scenes,  
Thy harpstrings sing the sweetest. All around  
The forms of recognition welcome thee :  
The laughing rivulet, with morning light,  
" Comes singing down the narrow glen " to thee ;

The waterfowl, " lone wandering but not lost,"

Sees thee and feels no fear : at thy approach  
The timorous squirrel, busy with its nut,  
Sits undisturbed : " The century-living crow "  
Caws at thy coming—thou, whose flight of fame

Shall far outdistance all his length of years—  
And to thy listening ear the evening wind,  
With " strange deep harmonies " reveals itself.

These shall thy mourners be when thou art gone,

These, and the hearts of wild flowers and of waves,

These, and the hearts of sunbeams and of stars,

For these dost thou interpret unto man  
Drawing him closer to the throbbing breast  
Of purifying Nature.

Not in vain

Doth her beneficent wisdom lengthen out  
Thy days of ministration, for thy days  
Are verses of the everlasting hymn  
She teacheth ever to the hearts of those  
Who, " to the beautiful order of her works  
Conform," like thee, " the order of their lives."  
London, October 1874. C. K. T.

TO WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT,

ON THE EIGHTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF HIS BIRTHDAY,  
NOVEMBER 3, 1874.

The sweetest blossoms any bring

To-day, to deck thy muse's throne,  
Are those that out of pure hearts spring.  
From seed thy fruitful life has sown.

How deep thy living thought struck down  
In countless souls throughout the land !  
The splendid flowers of thy renown  
In myriad leaves of light expand.

They bloom in virtues strong and true,  
In deeds that make our kinship sweet,  
Chaste homes, and lives of spotless hue,  
In love that serves with tireless feet ;

In patriot zeal, in Honor's breast ;  
Where Duty runs without debate ;  
Where Nature feasts her reverent guest,  
And Faith waits calmly " at the gate."

These garlands of the spirit live,  
While festal splendors pass away—  
Millions their fadeless tribute give  
To thee, O wondrous seer ! to-day.

Thanks for thy pure, majestic song,  
Thy golden years o'er measured span,  
Thy valiant will to smite the wrong,  
Thy vast unconquered love of man.

Thanks for thy simple faith and truth ;  
Thanks for thy wisdom, deep and calm,  
The freshness of thy generous youth,  
Thy life—a sweet triumphant psalm !

Earth's children catch its strains sublime,  
As ages onward bear thy name,  
And down the glowing fields of time  
The wise and good reflect thy fame !  
Chicago, 1874. HORATIO N. POWERS.

Mr. Bryant was in his place as vice-president of the Historical Society last evening. At the close of the meeting, after the reading of the interesting paper upon Historical Portraits in Paris, by Mr. William J. Hoppin, Mr. James W. Beekman moved a resolution of thanks to Mr. Bryant for the honour of his presence, and of congratulation to him upon reaching eighty years of age that day, and the whole audience accepted the resolution with acclamation and by rising.

At Chicago, last evening, the anniversary was celebrated by a "Bryant testimonial dinner" of the Chicago Literary Club.

#### TRIBUTES OF THE PRESS.

The following are some of the grateful tributes of the American press on the occasion.

[New York Times, November 4.]

It is pleasant to turn from the din of the elections to an interesting social incident, which we record with greater pleasure than democratic victories. Yesterday Mr. William Cullen Bryant completed his eightieth year, and received from the members of the Century Club a congratulatory address, expressive of the esteem and affection with which he is regarded. Nor are these sentiments confined to the members of the club; they are shared by the general public, which has long been familiar with Mr. Bryant's honorable services to the literature of the country. A life more useful and industrious, or more blameless, has seldom been spent among us, and we hope that the day is still distant when it will be brought to a close. Such greetings as those which Mr. Bryant received yesterday are worth far more to a man than all the wealth and official honors in the world.

[New York Sun, November 3.]

Mr. William Cullen Bryant, now the most eminent citizen of this state, is eighty years old to-day, and we are happy to say is perfectly vigorous and active in mind and body. May he still be continued "waiting at the gate" among us for many years to come.

[New York Tribune, November 4.]

Yesterday will be a memorable date in this country for a better reason than can be found in the defeat or success of any transitory political organization; for on

that day William Cullen Bryant completed his eightieth year. In the joy with which his fellow-citizens contemplate the advance of his serene and glorious age, there is no tinge of sadness. No one who sees the hale poet in his daily walks ever looks forward to the day when the grand career will be ended. We are forced to disobey the precept of the Greek sage and call this life a happy one before it closes. There are no chances readily discernible, even to the eye of fancy, which can dim the tranquil beauty of the long and rosy evening promised to this great poet and good citizen. His birthdays are kept as holidays in the hearts of all who know him, and every succeeding one grows dearer and more sacred.

[New York Herald, November 4.]

William Cullen Bryant, the most venerable and honored member of the editorial profession in this country, the first of our poets, the model of every public and every private virtue, completed his eightieth year yesterday. We join our congratulations with those of his other admirers on an occasion of so much interest. Mr. Bryant has outlived Cooper, our first novelist; he has outlived Irving, our greatest master of elegant prose; he has outlived Jackson, Clay, Calhoun, Webster, the most gifted statesmen who were conspicuous in the active period of his life; he has outlived Bennett, and Greeley, and Noah, and Crosswell, and Ritchie, and Gales (but not Blair, who still lives at an age as advanced and with faculties as vigorous as Mr. Bryant's, nor Weed, who is nearly as old); but if several of Mr. Bryant's distinguished journalistic contemporaries, who were so potent and so vigorous in the days of his prime, still survive, he is the only one of them who retains an active connection with journalism. Mr. Blair dissolved his editorial relation to the *Globe* nearly thirty years ago and retired to Silver Spring. It is some thirteen or fourteen years since Mr. Weed retired from the *Albany Journal* and Mr. Webb from the *Courier and Enquirer*, so that Mr. Bryant is the oldest editor in the United States who retains his connection with the press. We tender him our sincere congratulations on this anniversary and recognize him as the most distinguished member of the editorial profession in the United States. Mr. Bryant's reputation is less ephemeral than if it rested on his services as a journalist. His is one of the most important names in American liter-

ature, as well as in American journalism, and the tasteful compliment paid him yesterday in the presentation of a costly and appropriately engraved vase was a tribute to his literary eminence, the only character in which he will be much known to posterity. His vigorous editorials in the *Evening Post* for so many years merely influenced the passing opinions of the day; but his best poems will be read and loved long after the transient politics of Mr. Bryant's time are forgotten. In celebrating his eightieth birthday we recognize the superior lustre of purely literary merits, but if Mr. Bryant himself were to pronounce on his own career we have little doubt that he would give the preference to his patriotic attempts to serve the country as a journalist.

[New York Graphic, November 2.]

To-morrow the eightieth birthday of William Cullen Bryant will be remembered by his numerous friends in a manner at once unique and creditable. They have contributed some \$5,000 for a vase of original design and choice workmanship, artistically representing the lessons of his career in its literary, political, and journalistic relations, and the vase will be placed in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. The money has been contributed by gentlemen in other cities as well as our own, and the testimonial will be the spontaneous expression of public respect and veneration for our oldest living poet. Charles Sprague is his senior by several years, but Sprague has written comparatively little, and has scarcely more than a local fame. Whittier is thought of as one of our oldest poets, but he was born in the same year as Longfellow, and both were mere schoolboys when "Thanatopsis" was written. Greeley was Bryant's junior by seventeen years, and was a printer on the paper after Mr. Bryant became editor. He was born during the administration of Washington, and his life covers all the literature of the country that anybody cares to remember. His own works are among the best productions of the American mind, and whatever he may think of "Thanatopsis"—which was written in his nineteenth year—it is one of the few American poems that the people will never let die.

Mr. Bryant has been connected with New York journalism for half a century, first as editor of the *New York Review*, and next as editor of the *Evening Post*. Of his signal ability, industry, and other journalistic qualities it is needless to

remark. They are well known, and have gained for him the respect of the country. His paper early won a high place for its literary merit, its sound judgment on financial questions, its courtesy towards opponents, and its high moral tone. Mr. Bryant early became a champion of the free-trade policy. His paper represented the best democratic sentiment of the city for a long period of years, and only broke with that party to support the Republicans in the conduct of the war. And though he has written little for it of late years, the character he gave it and the honorable traditions affixed to his name by his conduct give it an influence far out of proportion to its intellectual weight or circulation. It is one of the institutions of New York, and the new building now in process of erection will stand as a fitting monument of his industrious and honorable career. It is a pity that a niche is not reserved in its walls for his statue, as his name will be identified with the paper while it is published. But Mr. Bryant has been more than a journalist. He has taken an active part in the movements of the day and most important charities of the city. His life has been pure and his influence heightened and honorable. His character is a precious possession, and his life teaches a lesson of temperance and virtue.

[The Independent.]

Sir Walter Scott relates that, when some one was mentioned as a "fine old man" to Dean Swift, he exclaimed with violence that there was no such thing. "If the man you speak of had either a mind or a body worth a farthing they would have worn him out long ago." Voltaire, Goethe, Lyndhurst, Brougham, Béranger, Humboldt, Palmerston, Guizot, Moltke, and, among Americans, Adams, Taney, Winfield Scott, Horace Binney, Richard H. Dana, may be cited in refutation of this theory, which, we presume, has nothing to do with thews or stature. But if we wanted another bright and brilliant example of faculties, and faculties of a high order, remaining unimpaired in mind and body till long past the grand climacteric, we might name William Cullen Bryant, the patriarch of American poetry, who on Tuesday, November 3, completed his "fourscore years," cheerful and happy and full of conversation, and continuing to heartily enjoy what Dr. Johnson happily calls "the sunshine of life."

No name in our contemporaneous lit-



erature, either in England or in America, is crowned with more successful honors than that of William Cullen Bryant. Born at a period when our colonial literature, like our people, was but recently under the dominion of Great Britain, he has lived to see that literature expand from its infancy and take a proud place in the republic of letters, and survived to see the Republic itself, starting from its revolutionary birth, spring up to a giant power, after passing triumphantly through a giant rebellion. Surrounded by such historical and heroic associations, men who survive them embody in their lives the annals of a people and represent in their individuality the history of a nation.

What Macaulay said of Charles, Earl Grey—alluding to his having survived all the great statesmen contemporaneous with him—might with equal propriety be applied to Bryant and his contemporaries: "He is the sole surviving link of an age which has passed away." Bryant saw Cooper, in the full glory of his renown, lead the host of historic names in our national literature, and then followed in succession to an honored tomb by Irving, Prescott, Paulding, Halleck, Simms and Kennedy. The orator on the occasion of the funeral honors paid to the pioneer of American novelists, Mr. Bryant was associated in the performance of those rites with the renowned Webster, and the hall which had resounded with applause to the eloquence of Kossuth and to the matchless melodies of Jenny Lind re-echoed the brilliant poetic periods of Bryant in commemoration of his contemporary and friend, Fenimore Cooper.

Pursuing to the age of fourscore an active literary career, the poet has been a co-laborer in all worthy movements to promote the advancement of the arts and literature. A liberal patron of art himself, he has always been the eloquent advocate of the claims of artists. Mr. Bryant, on its completion, a few years ago, delivered the address inaugurating the beautiful temple to art of the New York Academy of Design. Foremost in the literary circle of his adopted city, he is president of the Century Club—a time-honored institution of New York—numbering among the poet's predecessors Gulian C. Verplanck and George Bancroft, and embracing among its members men of letters, artists, and leading gentlemen of the liberal professions. Philanthropic in his nature, Mr. Bryant has been the consistent promoter of all objects having for their tendency the ele-

vation and furtherance of the interests of humanity. Connected with one of the leading metropolitan journals and one of the oldest in the United States, he is enabled to bring the powerful influence of the press to bear, with his own personal influence and literary renown, upon whatever measure he supports in the cause of philanthropy, letters, and the promotion of arts.

Some men seem gifted of Nature with the very purple bloom of immortality—in their youth old and wise beyond their years and retaining in their age the warm fire and young vigor of early manhood. Their boyhood anticipates the wisdom of years, and their years retain the freshness of youth. "I have often wondered," said Benjamin Franklin, in his address on the last day of the convention which framed our Constitution, "whether yonder picture on the wall represents the rising or the setting sun." And had we not the calendar of his years to inform us, we should have been in doubt whether the "Thanatopsis" might not be the meditation of William Cullen Bryant's age, and the Homeric translations the work of his vigorous youth. Poets make age the climax of hopeless evil. Gray saw before the heedless schoolboy sickness, poverty, famine, and worst and last of all, "slow-consuming age;" and Milton, in his last years, hunted and dishonored, knew but one thing more pitiful:

Blind among enemies, O worse than chains,  
Dungeon, or beggary, or decrepit age!

But by some strange favour of heaven we see now and then a son of the gods who in his cradle has the strength to strangle serpents and whose unconsuming years seem to feed on the ambrosia of perpetual youth.

On our first page we have given through our contributors our good hail on his eightieth birthday to the still youthful veteran poet and journalist of America. Here we need say little more than to tender to him most heartily our own congratulations and those of our readers, and to tell him how warmly his countrymen respect and love him.

Much as we admire the poet whose verse made him many years ago the first of our bards, we would mention it as his especial honor that he has not been satisfied with beauty or sentiment, but has, like England's blind poet, made himself a man of affairs and has been

a wise counsellor in the conduct of the state. If he has been known for sixty-two years as a poet, he has been an editor for forty-nine years, and his first published political paper was written sixty-seven years ago. Other poets have not forgotten that they were citizens. Longfellow for a year or two sang songs of freedom, asking —

— What holy angel  
Brings the slave this glad evangel?

and Whittier, most like Bryant, was for many years an editor and active philanthropist; but in the case of no other of our writers have poetry and politics held the scale in such even balance. The first political paper of his, "The Embargo," a satire in verse, was the prophecy of his life. The *Evening Post*, the wisest and soundest of all our newspapers, the most influential certainly of our afternoon press, has long been edited by William Cullen Bryant, with whom Iliads, and congresses, and reconstructions, and impeachments, and Olyseses seem to be objects of impartial interest. For this we especially admire him — for that completeness of taste and culture, too rare in America, which unites a care for the public weal with a love for letters and learning. Were our men of culture generally to take Milton and Bryant as their examples, we should have less reason to complain of the corruption of public life.

Personally Mr. Bryant is known to the American people as a poet. As a poet his monument will ever be their affectionate respect. Nothing more can a poet ask. But a journalist is a man without personality. His identity is swallowed up in his paper. As a journalist Mr. Bryant's fitting memorial will be that more material but less substantial one, the fine building on Broadway erecting for the *Evening Post*. Waiting and hoping for the time when our own journal shall be similarly provided for, we heartily congratulate both the excellent veteran paper and the excellent veteran editor on this proof of wise management and public appreciation, and hope that the time is not near when William Cullen Bryant shall cease to sharpen his youthful quill in rebuke of the follies of false statecraft, or shall forget the cunning which has taught him to paint the grace of running brooks and the majesty of forest trees.

May the October of his life be that which he has himself described:

Wind of the sunny South! oh, still delay  
In the gay woods and in the golden air,  
Like to a good old age released from care,  
Journeying, in long serenity, away.  
In such a bright, late quiet, would that I  
Might wear out life like thee, mid bowers  
and brooks,  
And, dearer yet, the sunshine of kind looks  
And music of kind voices ever nigh!  
And, when my last sand twinkled in the glass,  
Pass silently from men, as thou dost pass.

[Troy Times, November 3.]

This is the eightieth birthday of the venerable poet and editor, William Cullen Bryant. We are glad to hear that his friends are to commemorate the event by the presentation of a valuable and artistically designed vase. Few men have lived so long as Mr. Bryant with equal blamelessness and honor. We are glad to know that he is still hale and hearty, and promises to remain with us for some time to come.

[Rochester Express, November 3.]

William Cullen Bryant, the venerable and distinguished poet, becomes the octogenarian to-day. Mr. Bryant is one of the purest and noblest of Americans. Achieving fame while still a young man by that poem of solemn beauty, "Thanatopsis," he has during a long life stood before the world exemplifying in his character and his works the truest qualities of manhood and genius. During the formative period of our literary history he gave to his countrymen an example of thought and style which, by its purity and elegance, first afforded a rebuking contrast to the buncombe and spread-eagleism of our early writings, and then, with the writings of Washington Irving, and others of his class, steadily and surely permeated American thought, and won admirers and imitators among our aspirants for literary fame, until a higher and truer school of authorship was created. Bryant does not rank among the greatest writers, but few excel him in purity of thought and expression. For him the world of thoughtful readers entertain a sincere affection, and though his works that will go far into the future are few, yet there are passages and even entire poems that have the gift and destiny of immortal fame.

Long as the poet has been among us, yet hale and vigorous he enters upon the eighth decade of life, and from two continents will pour in upon him congratulations for his lengthened life and sincere wishes that it may be prolonged until he

and his friends may celebrate his centennial.

[Boston Transcript, November 3.]

William Cullen Bryant, poet, patriot, editor, man of letters; the American citizen, whom all American citizens honor for his blameless private and his fruitful public life; still in the possession of unabated natural and acquired mental and moral forces; still active in a venerableness that surpasses the beauty of youth and manhood, to the eyes of troops of loving and revering friends, to-day becomes an octogenarian. It is an occasion that will be gratefully seized upon to extend to him warm and rich testimonials of regard, expressed in words of affectionate respect and in significant and artistic symbolic gifts.

Independent, upright, a lover of truth and beauty, of character unstained, gradually closing a long career whose evening has gathered up and preserved not a little of the fair light and brilliancy of its midday—he merits, indeed an anniversary to be rendered truly golden, in his native and in other lands, by esteem for a manifold greatness, of unquestioned integrity, free from all low ambitions, full to overflowing with usefulness to his times and humanity, by the prolonged manifestations of genius consecrated to high aims and the work of talents and learning devoted to the advancement of whatever contributes to the genuine, nobility, the sterling virtues and the refined adornments to true living; a vigorous and almost saintly patriarch, whose silver locks need no crown of gold and jewels to make him a king among his fellows, by reason of the divinity of his unwearied and multiform faithfulness.

[Boston Advertiser, November 3.]

TO BRYANT AT FOURSORE.

BORN NOVEMBER 3, 1794.

*Psalm xc., 10.*

Poet, whose voice is of the winds and woods,  
Whose calm verse flows as does the mountain rill,  
Rippling and murmuring through the shade and sheen  
And o'er the cool, clean stone;  
Poet, whose voice is of the ocean floods,  
When thou dost hear, along the wooded hill,  
The footsteps of the Lord, and thou may'st lean  
To listen, stilled, alone—  
Nature's interpreter—the wind, the stream,  
the tree,  
The human soul, all find a friend in thee.

Thine is the music of the fountain's flow,  
Or Autumn's wind, fresh in the fading tree:  
Men quicken at thy word; they feel thee nigh—  
One dear to childhood's day.

Thou art a stream born of the mountain snow,  
Which sought, unsoiled, the city by the sea,  
Winding where fair things fail and pure things die;  
And springing white with spray,  
A fountain, where, despite the multitudinous tread,  
Faith is refreshed and faint hearts comforted.

Bryant! thy word is best when thou dost write  
Of life, of hopes, of human destiny—  
Of the grave joy which keeps the heart content—  
Of nature's constant calm!  
Comforter, thou dost show the Infinite!  
Thou dost unseal the fount when eyes are dry  
And hearts are breaking! Thy wise words are blent  
With weeping; and a Psalm  
Of Life goes up, and not unheard: while thou dost sing,  
Hearts grateful, though unseen, shall listen lingering.

So shall men listen when all these are gone:  
Still shalt thou sing when the invisible veil  
Hath wrapped thee from man's vision. Lightly lie  
On thee thy years fourscore!  
In thine eternal youth thou shalt sing on;  
Thy strain, a voice of nature, shall not fail;  
And thee labor and sorrow come not nigh!  
But when the silent oar  
Of Charon stirs, not too late or soon, that voiceless sea,  
Wake to thy twofold immortality!

H. C. B.

From The Spectator.

MR. J. S. MILL'S RELIGIOUS CONFESSION.

WE have just received more posthumous confessions of John Stuart Mill's. We do not pretend to have studied or even completely read as yet the essays on Nature, the Utility of Religion, and Theism, which Messrs. Longman have just published. But the fragments of these essays which unaccountably leaked out in the Northern papers, with the fuller expositions of the book itself, are, at all events, sufficient to give a very clear general impression of his point of view. And it is obvious that the moral and intellectual authority for which, in future, his name will be quoted in theo-

logical controversy, will be one of a very complex, hesitating, and ambiguous character. No one could have anticipated, at the time when Mr. Mill published his "Logic" and his "Essays on some Unsettled Questions of Political Economy," that when his career came to an end, he would have influenced his age chiefly as a kind of potent intellectual yeast or ferment, instead of as a great inculcator of definite truths. He began life chiefly as the antagonist of the *a priori* school of philosophy and as an advocate of the empirical school which found the germs of all our knowledge in particular sense-impressions and the law of association; partly also as one of the most severe disciples of the great teachers of "the dismal science,"—Malthus and Ricardo. But we of the present generation shall now look upon these elements of his teaching as mere infinitesimal constituents in the powerful stimulus which he gave to the various conflicting tendencies of the seething and distracted thought of our times. The general effect of his writings will not be any definite teaching at all, but a sort of impregnation of the waters of a cold and empirical school of thought with foreign sources of agitation and ebullition rendering them apparently ardent and exciting. His experience-philosophy was soon saturated with at least the deepest admiration for the methods, if not for the results of Coleridge's speculations; his political economy was modified by the warmest sympathy with the peasant and the labouring class, and the profoundest desire to mingle moral with economical motives in the distribution of wealth and industry. In politics his abstract democratic principles soon exhibited a strong deflection in the direction of conservative scorn for the vaunted omnipotence of radical machinery; and then afterwards, during his short political career, displayed a strong reaction towards "heroic measures" and popular sympathies. And in the region of ethics and religion his name is likely to be remembered chiefly for the heterogeneous character of the intellectual germs which floated about his mind like the light seed-vessels of plants of the most mutually incompatible habits of growth and nutrition. It will be said of him that while he was a strict utilitarian, finding the sanctions of all the ethical principles he admitted in their tendency to promote the happiness of the race, he yet thought it not only right, but obligatory on a high-

minded man to defy even an *omnipotent* being who should threaten men with eternal sufferings for refusing to surrender their finite notions of virtue to his own arbitrary will and law; that he regarded the *direct* pursuit of happiness—*i.e.*, of the only final end of life—as fatal to the happiness pursued; and that he felt far more reverence for the enthusiastic emotions which arise incidentally during the pursuit of benevolent objects, than even for those benevolent objects themselves. And now that the posthumous essays on Nature, Religion, and Theism have appeared, it must be added, that while he doubted everything, from the existence of God and the divine mission of Christ to the immortality of the soul, he distinctly rejected nothing, except the divine omnipotence; nay, that he preached the duty of saturating the imagination with possibilities of religious truth which he did not rate high, rather than stint the elastic force of hope by a rigid adherence to a rational standard of intellectual expectation. In short, Mr. Mill professed his wish that human nature should feed itself, consciously and deliberately, on very dubious, not to say slender hopes,—without, however, disguising from itself the slight character of those hopes,—by way of reinforcing its otherwise too small resources of aspiration; that it should store up for itself new impulses through the habitual contemplation of spiritual contingencies the prospect of ever realizing which would hardly exceed the chance of a prize in a very hazardous lottery, and this solely on the ground that all the anticipations in which men may indulge themselves with real confidence, are inadequate to the work of providing sufficiently inspiring and elevating themes. The following are his words:—

To me it seems that human life, small and confined as it is, and as, considered merely in the present, it is likely to remain, even when the progress of material and moral improvement may have freed it from the greater part of its present calamities, stands greatly in need of any wider range and greater height of aspiration for itself and its destination which the exercise of imagination can yield to it, without running counter to the evidence of fact; and that it is a part of wisdom to make the most of any, even small, probabilities on this subject which furnish imagination with any footing to support itself upon. And I am satisfied that the cultivation of such a tendency in the imagination, provided it goes on *pari passu* with the cultivation of severe reason, has no necessary tendency to pervert the



judgment; but that it is possible to form a perfectly sober estimate of the evidences on both sides of a question, and yet to let the imagination dwell by preference on those possibilities which are at once the most comforting and the most improving, without in the least degree overrating the solidity of the grounds for expecting that these rather than any other will be the possibilities actually realized. (pp. 245-6.)

Thus Mr. Mill was an empiricist who attached more importance to the secondary than to the primary forms of pleasurable satisfaction; a utilitarian who was more of a believer in the sacredness of disinterested emotion than transcendentalists themselves; an economist who carried sentiment with a high hand into the very heart of questions affecting the accumulation and distribution of wealth; a necessarian who was the most passionate advocate of liberty; a democrat who eagerly defended the rights of culture and the full representation of independent thought; nay, he was a sceptic who held the character of Christ all but divine, and who wished men to cling to the belief in even a slender hope of divine guidance and personal immortality for the sake of the new moral resources such a hope must give;—and in practical matters, he was the enthusiastic advocate of a change which would tend to deprive women of the highest influence they have, while gaining for them a power for which they seem to most of us little suited. Of course, the mind which threw so much ardour into such paradoxical positions must appear to future ages as one of the most incalculable of the intellectual influences of his day,—one who fostered enthusiasms rooted in doubt, and revolutionary changes founded on visionary hopes,—one who acted like a ferment on almost all schools of intellectual tendency, developing rapidly all the floating germs in their authors' minds, and yet which robbed even that which it stimulated most, of anything like the firmness and stability of a steady conviction.

And no doubt the total influence which John Stuart Mill will exercise on the development of English thought will be rather this,—that he will have rendered it difficult for sceptics to shut themselves up in a shell of repellent theory,—that he will have taught them to sound all the doubtfulness of doubt, to enter into all the paradoxes of an empirical philosophy, to appreciate the religious enthusiasm consistent with a utilitarian belief,—than

that he will have made any fundamental truth or any fundamental denial clearer than it was before. He will have given an ideal tone to political economy, and grafted a conservative vein into democratic theory. He will have persuaded not a few of the disciples of Bentham that they ought to delight in emotions which it is impossible on Bentham's principles to justify, and to flush with joy at the prospect of changes the advantageous results of which are as yet visible only to the most sanguine eye. He will have convinced many materialists that, though there can be no omnipotent God of perfect holiness, there may be a very powerful, invisible Being who is helping us to struggle against impossible conditions, not much more or not much less mighty than himself. And he will have induced certain rationalists who smile at revelation, to believe that it becomes a sceptic to reserve the possibility at least that Christ actually was exactly what in the first three Gospels he declares himself to be,—*i.e.* not, in Mr. Mill's belief, God at all, but a divine messenger of God's sent into the world to declare the will and unveil the nature of the Being who sent him. No doubt the effect of all this, not only on Mr. Mill's philosophical allies, but on their opponents of all schools, must be to increase very much the sense of ultimate uncertainty;—on his allies, because it shows them how much a negative thinker could sympathize with tendencies which his philosophy went to undermine; on his opponents, because bewildering them with the vision of sympathies where they looked for prejudices, and yet sympathies which only permitted their subject to throw them the crumb of comfort involved in a "perhaps."

But even that is not the most curious feature of his total moral effect as a thinker. The most curious seems to us to be that, while mediating to some extent between opposite tendencies, and increasing the sense of ultimate uncertainty about the foundations of things, Mr. Mill was the very apostle of noble emotions, panegyricizing the disinterested feelings generated like phosphoric flames by the decay of the earthly objects of desire, and making a sort of religion of personal enthusiasm, without much relation either to the calculable advantages of the course he advocated, or to the hopefulness of the campaign. This gives something of a hectic effect to the character of his teaching. The enthusi-

asm looks more like the enthusiasm of fever than the enthusiasm of health, when one considers how it derives its origin from selfish sources which fail to justify its existence, and how it flames upwards towards objects, the very existence of which is expressly stated to be involved in a haze of doubt. One cannot but admire and even reverence the nobility of the mind which felt so keenly the sacredness of the glow of disinterested enthusiasm, alien as it was to his philosophy of things, as passionately to welcome it, and eagerly to dwell on the ambiguous and shadowy hopes on which it was most likely to gain strength. It is impossible to feel anything but profound admiration for the delicate love of truth which makes Mr. Mill array so carefully all the half-tangible grounds of the hope to which he clings, and yet sadly confess how small individually they seem. Still how strange it is to contrast what Mr. Mill has written concerning the genius and character of our Lord, with his own view of the slender probability of Christ's own beliefs!—

And whatever else may be taken away from us by rational criticism, Christ is still left,—a unique figure, not more unlike all his precursors than all his followers, even those who had the direct benefit of his personal teaching. It is of no use to say that Christ, as exhibited in the Gospels, is not historical, and that we know not how much of what is admirable has been superadded by the tradition of his followers. The tradition of followers suffices to insert any number of marvels, and may have inserted all the miracles which he is reputed to have wrought. But who among his disciples or among their proselytes was capable of inventing the sayings ascribed to Jesus, or of imagining the life and character revealed in the Gospels? Certainly not the fishermen of Galilee; as certainly not St. Paul, whose character and idiosyncrasies were of a totally different sort; still less the early Christian writers, in whom nothing is more evident than that the good which was in them was all derived, as they always professed that it was derived, from the higher source. . . . But about the life and sayings of Jesus there is a stamp of personal originality, combined with profundity of insight, which, if we abandon the idle expectation of finding scientific precision where something very different was aimed at, must place the Prophet of Nazareth, even in the estimation of those who have no belief in his inspiration, in the very first rank of the men of sublime genius of whom our species can boast. When this pre-eminent genius is combined with the qualities of probably the greatest moral reformer and martyr to that mission who ever existed upon earth, religion cannot be said to have made a bad choice in pitching on this man as the ideal

representative and guide of humanity; nor even now would it be easy, even for an unbeliever, to find a better translation of the rule of virtue from the abstract into the concrete than to endeavour so to live that Christ would approve our life. When to this we add that, to the conception of the rational sceptic, it remains a possibility that Christ actually was what he supposed himself to be,—not God, for he never made the smallest pretension to that character, and would probably have thought such a pretension as blasphemous as it seemed to the men who condemned him, but a man charged with a special, express, and unique commission from God to lead mankind to truth and virtue, we may well conclude that the influences of religion on the character which will remain after rational criticism has done its utmost against the evidences of religion are well worth preserving, and that what they lack in direct strength as compared with those of a firmer belief, is more than compensated by the greater truth and rectitude of the morality they sanction.

Now what is the very stamp of the genius or originality on which Mr. Mill so justly insists in this estimate of Jesus? Is it not precisely that certainty of insight into divine things which Mr. Mill decides to be wholly unjustified and unjustifiable by his review not merely of Christ's own career, but of all that happened previous to and all that followed that career? Not to refer to the Gospel of John, of which Mr. Mill's estimate is so strangely contemptuous, was he not thinking as he spoke of the profundity and originality of Christ's genius of the calm confidence of "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God," "Every plant which my heavenly Father hath not planted shall be rooted up," "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect," "Who is my mother, and who are my brethren? Whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother"? Now, where is the "genius" in such sayings, if they represented not insight into the truth, but the overmastering might of a potent delusion,—if the true state of mind on these subjects should be that which Mr. Mill delineates in these remarkable essays, the anxious hoarding-up of a number of doubtful indications of the supernatural influence of a Being of limited power,—"evidence insufficient for proof, but amounting only to one of the lower degrees of probability" for the existence of any God at all? If this be so, surely the certainty and simplicity of Christ's insight would be a mark, not of

genius, but of hallucination,—unless, indeed, the sceptic takes the view hinted at by Mr. Mill, that Christ may have really been what he assumed himself to be, *i.e.*, may have had evidence which we cannot recover of the divine life in which he lived. Only from any confident belief of this kind Mr. Mill is wholly shut out, for if he held it confidently, he must hold with precisely equal confidence the existence of the supernatural being whom Christ revealed. Yet if he thought it a mere possibility that Christ spoke of what he knew, when using the language of knowledge instead of the language of surmise,—surely he ought to think of the “genius” of Jesus, as he calls it, only as of a very small possibility of the same order. On Mr. Mill's view, Christ was either a great genius, or had a wonderful aptitude for grand hallucinations, the last being to him much the more

likely of the two,—otherwise Mr. Mill's own slender “hope” would take the form of a firm belief. Anyhow, nothing is stranger than the contrast between the language of the admirer, and the language of him whom he so profoundly admires, on divine subjects. The former is the language of hesitating feeble hope, hope of a low order, but which nevertheless warrants the attitude of enthusiasm and the glow of a poetic aspiration. The latter is the language of an absolute vision, of calm certainty, which warrants no such feverish emotion, but only undoubting trust and happy devotion. Will not the potent ferment which Mr. Mill has cast into the boiling cauldron of modern thought, end in making it seem far more reasonable to accept the quiet language of implicit faith, than the impassioned language of an idealizing dream at once excited and despondent?

It has been generally assumed that the extinction of the Maori race in New Zealand is only a matter of time, and the great decrease in the estimated numbers of the native population between 1848 and 1870 was pointed to as evidence of a painful but inevitable and indisputable fact. Since the restoration of peace, however, in the North Island there are signs of a counter-current of influences that may effectually combat the ravages of imported disease and the vicious habits in which the Maoris have shown themselves too apt pupils of the worst class of European settlers. A Hawk's Bay newspaper says that the idea that the Maori race is rapidly dying out is erroneous, as any one can see by the large proportion of children to be found at those kaingas remotely situated from European settlements. As long as the Maoris were kept in a constant state of excitement by intertribal dissensions and intermittent warfare with the colonists, their numbers were not only greatly thinned, but the proportion of births to deaths gave little promise of a long continuance of the race. These evidences of a moribund condition have given place to others, which show that no expenditure of colonial revenue for native purposes could be made to better advantage than in educating and civilizing Maori children. We must not forget that one of the most obvious and in some aspects most perplexing results of the orderly and equitable rule we have established in India is a multiplication of mouths to be fed and of hands to be provided with work that threatens to be a source of permanent embarrassment, if not of

constantly urgent danger. If the improvement of colonial administration in New Zealand and the establishment of peace among the Maories should lead to similar results, we shall be free for some generations to come from the fear of over-population. The colony has broad lands enough for all the natives that are likely to be born, as well as for all the immigrants that are likely to seek its shores.

Pail Mall Gazette.

FLEET Street, the most literary thoroughfare in London, has lost another of its ancient landmarks. The reading-rooms in Peele's Coffee House are closed. On the 10th of last month a placard on the well-known door in Fetter Lane announced that, as “the proprietors had other uses for the rooms, they would cease to be used as hitherto.” For very many years the newspaper rooms of this tavern were largely patronized by journalists and others. If any one wanted to consult a file of the *Times*, he was referred to Peele's; if any one wanted to see a country newspaper, he went as a matter of course to Peele's; in matters of disputed dates or doubtful facts, there was no place so accessible and none more cosey. In fact, Peele's was an institution of the country. Another newspaper room, in which “files of all the papers will be regularly kept,” has been opened in Fleet Street; but it will be long before it rivals the celebrity of dead and buried Peele's.